VACATION EVENINGS;

OR

CONVERSATIONS

BETWEEN A

GOVERNESS AND HER PUPILS,

With the Addition of

A Visitor from Eton:

Being a Series of

ORIGINAL POEMS, TALES, AND ESSAYS,

Interspersed with

Illustrative Quotations from various Authors, Ancient and Modern,

Tending to incite Emulation, and inculcate moral Truth.

BY CATHARINE BAYLEY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

London:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1809.

Printed by Mercier and Chervet,
No. 32, Little Bartholomew-Close, London.

CONTENTS

OF

THE THIRD VOLUME.

EVENING THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

	Page
The Loss of a Friend, how felt - - -	1
Madame de Beaumont named - - -	ib.
A Visit from Mr. Denzel, senior, promised	2
Review of a few of the before-named eminent Men - - - - - - -	ib.
Late Mr. Levi, the great Controversialist, named - - - - - -	ib.
Idleness the cause of Degeneration of Talent	3
Mrs. Mordant called upon to fulfil her promises - - - - - -	ib.
The origin and rise of Pope Paul the Third	ib.
The Pope's Supremacy confuted - -	ib.
His Power of absolving Sin, derided and confuted - - - - - -	ib.
The Danger of such an Opinion - -	ib.
King Henry the Eighth and Pope Paul the Third - - - - - - -	4
Pope Paul's Progeny, who, and what - -	ib.
His Son was Grand Duke of Parma - -	6

Page
Half the Monarchs of Europe descended from him - - - - - - 6
Hume quoted—Beckford quoted, &c. &c. &c. ib.
Diana de Angoulesme's marriage with Horatio Farnese - - - 7
More of Pope Paul, and the Kings, Queens, and Princes, his descendants - - ib.
More of the Pope—Beckford again quoted 9
Dispensations for the Pardon of Sins, how obtained - - - - - - ib.
Pope Leo the Tenth named—Roscoe quoted 10
St. Peter's Church, how built—whence the money was obtained - - ib.
Grose's Antiquities quoted—Chapel of the Holy Cross, Colchester, how repaired ib.
Letter of the Lord Marischal's to Mr. Ballantyne - - - - - - ib.
The Conduct of Pope Pascal the Second—his horrid usage of the Emperor Henry the Fifth - - - - - - ib.
A Proof of that Monarch's condescension, and urbanity - - - - 12
Of his generosity to Titian, the celebrated Artist - - - - - - ib.
The Atrociousness of Falsehood - - 13
An Excuse and Apology for the last pages ib.
John Gerson quoted - - - - - 14
Anecdotes of Doctor West, Bishop of Ely 1533 - - - - - - ib.
An Extract from his Will - - - ib.

Page
How the Pope's Supremacy got footing in England - - - - - - 15
Saint Augustine exposed - - - - ib.
Saint Martin's Church, Canterbury, its font ib.
Queen Bertha, wife of Ethelbert and Luidhard - - - - - - ib.
More of Augustine; manly conduct of Dilnoth 16
Augustine made a Saint for threatening that Prior and all his Convent with destruction - - - - ib.
The Popish Party a very powerful one now 17
Conduct of Henry the Fifth to Sir John Oldcastle - - - - - - - ib.
His Speech, and horrid Death - - - 18
Gordon, the Irish Historian, quoted - - ib.
Speech of young Denzel's applauded - - 19
Prologue to Gustavus Vasa, repeated by that Gentleman - - - - - 20
The graces of Speech recommended - - 21
The Prologue criticised - - - - 22

EVENING THE TWENTY-SIXTH

Passed with a Card-party - - - 23

EVENING THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

Comments on the preceding cautions against Flattery - - - - - - 24
More of balls and routs - - - - 25
Sentiments of the Etonian, his request - 26

Page
A Review of the Characters of some of the Kings of France, &c. - - - 27
Archbishop Perefixe's History recommended . ib.
Beckford's History, as far as he wrote, commended - - - - ib.
Study of the History of France recommended - - - - - - ib.
Genealogy of King Charles the First of England, and the subsequent Princes and Princesses his Descendants - - 28
An Apostrophe, by the Author of these Volumes - - - - - 29
An Apostrophe, by the immortal and immolated Sir Walter Raleigh - - 30
Genealogy of the present Royal Family of England - - - - - 31
Charles Stuart named, Battle of Culloden, how lost - - - - - 32
Character of King George the Third - 33
Stanzas to a Moth burnt in the candle, by the Author of these Volumes - - 34
Rowe quoted—Horace Walpole, late Lord Orford, named - - - - 35
Section in the eighteenth Chapter of St. Matthew recommended - - - ib.

EVENING THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

A Visit from Mr. Denzel, senior - - 37

Page
Conversation between Mrs. Mordant, that Gentleman, and his Children; Pliny quoted; Tacitus named - - - 38
Volcanos, how produced, Mr. Lemery's illustration of them - - - 40
Dissertation on Wit, not definable as an abstract idea - - - - - 42
Its properties, how abused—Smollett named 43
The Book called the Government of the Tongue recommended - - - ib.
Powers of the Tongue, Locke recommended on Wit, &c. - - - - 44
A Bon-mot, and further comments - - 45
Practice of the Emperors of Constantinople formerly - - - - - 46
Conclusion of the Will of Abubeker, the father of Mahomet - - - ib.
Mr. Denzel's applause - - - - 47
Conversation on Death, its terrors, its comforts - - - - - - 48
Religion without fortitude valueless - - ib.
Bad Poetry on sublime subjects reproved 49
Hymn to the Almighty, to inforce the remembrance that his eye is ever on us 50
Further applause of Mr. Denzel - - 51
Conversation on the Spectator; on the Poet Horace, his character - - - ib.
The Character of the Emperor Augustus Cæsar, how supremely amiable - 52
Doctor Beyor quoted - - - - ib.

Page
Comments, &c. continued, Spectator quoted, Pope, Addison, &c. named - - 53
Charity and Liberality, what they are, their exercise recommended - - - 54
Mr. Denzel's applause - - - - 56
Wonders in Natural History - - - ib.
The multitudinous increase of Wheat, in its renovation - - - - - ib.
The prolifickness of the Cod Fish - - 57
An Apostrophe, the American Acacia, &c. &c. - - - - - - 58
A Collation ends this evening - - - 59

EVENING THE TWENTY-NINTH.

PLEASURABLE meeting of the party next evening - - - - - - 60
Conversation on Tales, what they ought to be - - - - - - - 61
An historical Fact, detailed by the Author of these Volumes: Miss Julia Parker, and the Adventurer Conrood - - 62
A simple Question, a question respecting three Suns - - - - - 72
The Miller's journey to Oxford, an original tale, by the Author of these Volumes 73
Comments on the conduct of Children to their Parents - - - - 78

Page

Young Breedon's Conduct to his Father on the Island of Madagascar - - 79
More on the same Subject - - - 80, 82

EVENING THE THIRTIETH.

Conduct of Major André - - - 83
That young Hero's Letters commented on - 84
A Specimen given - - - - 85
Conduct of Courts Martial investigated, &c. &c. &c. - - - - - 86
An historical Fact detailed by the Author of these Volumes - - - - 89
Death of Colonel Tauvernay, Mademoiselle Tauvernay, Mademoiselle Louisa de Vernois, all the victims of a frolic - 94
Allusion to the Minstrel of Scott, &c. &c. &c. 97
Better Late than Never, a Tale, by the Author of these Volumes - - - 99
Comments on the Tale - - - - 104
Truth and Falsehood contrasted - - 105
The Rainbow named; by whom elucidated ib.
Antonio de Dominis was the First that defined its powers, &c. - - - ib.
Newton, his Genius, his Epitaph, comments on it - - - - - 106
Homer, Galileo, Newton, named again, Sheffield Duke of Buckingham - 107

Page

The Barber's Sign, &c. Critique continued, a Task proposed, &c. - - - 107

EVENING THE THIRTY-FIRST.

Mr. Denzel, jun. his quotation from Addison - - - - - - 111
Criticized for his information - - - 112
Apostrophe on Genius, of no Sex - - 115
Specimen of the false sublime - - - ib.
What Poetry is, or ought to be - - ib.
Reflections and Observations on the Poets of the day - - - - - 116
An Elegy on the Death of the late Duke of Hamilton - - - - - 117
The Judgment of the Fashionable World, what - - - - - - 118
Mr. Denzel, junior's, Remarks, and the Reply - - - - - - 119
Quotation from the Abbé du Paty - - 120
Quotation from another French Author, perhaps Rousseau, (both from memory) 121
Irish Heroism, historical Fact - - - 122
Italian Heroism, historical Fact - - 126
Remarks - - - - - - 128
Translation of a French Prologue and Epilogue - - - - - - 129
Quotations from Recollection, Thicknesse - 132
Original Lines to Sympathy - - - 134
Remarks on Delivery in Verse, &c. &c. - ib.

Page
Prologue written by the Rev. —— Green - 135
Its Merits undoubted; Apology for its republication not requisite - - - 136
Quotations from various Authors who have used the same simile - - - 137
Waller, Pope, Thomson, Gray, Young - ib.
Churchill, Hamilton's Flower of Yarrow - 138
A Surmise respecting the real Author of a celebrated Tragedy; that the reputed Author is not the real Author of it 139
Quotations from Catherine Phillips and Pope 140
Dryden's Plays in Rhyme, subsequent to that Lady's Pompey and Horace - 141.
A Word or Two on Similitude, &c. &c. - ib.
No Possibility of throwing a Flower on the grave of Dryden; Congreve's tribute 143
Dr. Johnson's Tribute, &c. We know not what Scott will do - - - - - ib.
Conversation, and Remarks of Mr. Denzel, junior; Correspondence promised - ib.
His Quotation from Fenelon commended - 145
A Promise fulfilled - - - - - - 146

EVENING THE THIRTY-SECOND.

Tale of Amorin and Edomia, whence the idea of it was derived - - - - 147
The Tale, by the Author of these Volumes 148
Comments on the Tale - - - - 174

EVENING THE THIRTY-THIRD.

Conversation with Miss Denzel - - 177

Page
A few of the illustrious Ladies named that have done credit to their Breeding, and added honour to their Sex and Country - - - - - - 178
The Education Henry the Eighth gave his Children - - - - - 178
Mary, how defective - - - - ib.
Elizabeth pre-eminent - - - - ib.
Mary Queen of Scots - - - - ib.
Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke - - ib.
Mrs. Weston - - - - - - ib.
Lady Jane Grey - - - - - ib.
Mildred Cooke, Lady Burleigh - - - - ib.
Anne Cooke, Lady Bacon - - - ib.
Her Translations from Barnardin Orchinus, from the eloquent Bishop Jewel, who wrote in Latin for the information of Europe - - - - - 179
Why Lady Bacon translated his Works - ib.
Elizabeth Cooke, Lady Russel, her Learning, &c. - - - - - - ib.
Ballard referred to - - - - - 180
Catharine Cooke, Lady Killigrew, her excellence as a Linguist, &c. - - ib.
Comment on Female Education - - - ib.
Charlotte Smith's poetic excellence - - ib.
Comments on the Pen, the Crayon and the Needle - - - - - - 181
Miss Linwood's inimitable Works; her Map in the Czar of Muscovy's Palace ib.
The Author's opinion risqued - - -

	Page
The Gobelins, how they excelled; their portrait of Lewis the Fifteenth - -	181
Embroidery in Flowers commented on -	182
Churchill quoted - - - - - -	ib.
Works of Use and Ornament contrasted -	ib.
When a Countess looks most interesting -	183
The danger of Idleness - - - -	184
Point-work, marking, &c. &c. reproved -	ib.
The fancy and ingenuity of Women commended - - - - -	185
The ridiculous Complaints of idle People -	ib.
An Apostrophe - - - - -	ib.
A tribute to Industry - - - -	187
What might conduce to Happiness - -	ib.
Ignorance of a Lady commented on - -	ib.
Manufactories commented on - -	188
Andromache spun and wove, as did all the Princesses of the Iliad: when those arts were discontinued here - -	189
Sedley quoted - - - - - -	ib.
Monsieur de Brissot quoted - - -	190
The Morocco dimity and loom described -	ib.
Matilda wife of William the Conqueror -	191
Her Work described, where to be seen -	ib.
A desire for the Marvellous reproved - -	ib.
A Charade; comments on those compositions; idleness condemned - - -	192
The Duke of Bridgewater's Canal - -	ib.
Description of it - - - - -	ib.
Of the Canal of Languedoc - - -	194

Page
The Projector Monsieur Bonrepos - - - 194
Calculations of Monsieur de la Lande - 196
The Coal-mines at Whitehaven described 197
Sir John, Sir James, and the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Lowther, named 198
Emulation recommended - - - - 201
The Farewell - - - - - 203

ERRATA. Vol. III.

Page 14, line 3 to 8, inserted a second time by mistake.

76, last line but one, *for* pauduasoy, *read* paudusoy.

98, add the following to the account of Eton-College:

"The College at Eton was additionally endowed by Henry the Sixth. His Majesty extended his munificence to seventy poor Clergymen's sons, who, after a certain number of years, were to obtain a Fellowship at King's College, Cambridge.

"The original establishment was for a Provost, ten Priests, four Clerks, six Choristers, twenty-five poor Grammar Scholars, and twenty-five Poor Men. Query—is either *learning* or *poverty* a recommendation now?"

Page 118, line 5 from the bottom, dele *which* and the *comma before it.*

134, line 7, *for* pow'r *read* hour.

VACATION EVENINGS.

EVENING THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

"HAVE we lost Mr. Edmund Denzel this evening? Madam de Beaumont says, 'the loss of an amiable friend is not to be compensated;' and indeed she is right. Can all that fortune could lavish on us give back that sympathy which is ever enjoyed by assorted souls? Whoever possesses a true friend, is rich, however poor.—Alas!" continued Mrs. Mordant, "those who are condemned to weep over that bourne, 'whence no traveller returns,' do not bear about 'the mockery of woe,'—no! the thorn is in the heart of real sorrow, and death alone may pluck it thence."

"My brother is highly complimented, Madam, in your kind regret; but, look! here he is.—Edmund, Mrs. Mordant was bewailing your absence."

"Madam," said the Etonian, bowing low, "if I were not vain before, I hope you will now allow me to be so. I was conversing with my father: he has promised to visit you one evening ere I go; the time approaches, and, I assure you, fills me with infinite regret. We were on the subject of your eminent characters; and Mr. Denzel agrees, that most of the great men did indeed spring from an obscure stock. Homer, Virgil, Horace, Newton, Raphael, Shakspere, Demosthenes, Euripides! I speak the names as I recollect them; but I cannot, on reflection, restrain my astonishment."

"You need not express astonishment, Sir; men are dying every day who have equalled, if not surpassed, those that went before them. The late Mr. Levi is an instance in point; and some other evening I will endeavour to arrange some

few particulars respecting him, that you may not be led into the vulgar opinion, that the mind degenerates. It is now what it was from the beginning, only that so many uprofitable servants refuse to employ their talent."

"You have many promises due to us, Madam," said the Etonian; "an account of the life of Pope Paul the Third was one of them."

"True, Sir; but, before I comment on the origin and rise of Pope Paul the Third, I must premise that I do not place him on a level with those illustrious men, who have advanced themselves by their genius, patriotism, industry, learning, or courage. On the contrary, I give you these traits to strengthen your minds in the love of truth; and further, to condemn the supposition of a pope's supremacy and power of absolving sin, an error, in my opinion, more gross and dangerous than any that ever was disseminated, tending to the total subversion of virtue

and order, and investing mortal man with the supreme attributes of the Almighty.

"Pope Paul the Third was the son of a poor man, who went about the streets and markets selling sausages. This poor man's name was Farnese. He had this son, and a daughter named Clara; and to this woman, his only sister, Pope Paul was indebted for all his greatness: but such was his infamous ingratitude and baseness, that he poisoned both her and his mother to obtain their wealth. With what horror and indignation does the mind revolt at the idea, that the high and mighty fiat of this monstrous wretch could, at that day, take upon it to absolve or condemn above one half of the civilized world!

"Pope Paul the Third it was who so strenuously opposed the will of Henry the Eighth; the consequence of which opposition, a blessed one for these realms, was, that the pinions of the papal power

were clipped, the enormities they covered exposed, and their flight eventually restrained."

"How could the son and daughter of a poor sausage-man acquire such influence, Madam?" asked the young gentleman.

"The daughter, Clara Farnese, Sir, was the favourite mistress of Pope Alexander the Sixth, and tricked his holiness out of a cardinal's cap for her brother; all the rest followed of course.

"How did she trick him out of that, Madam?"

"I must refer you to the Lives of the Popes, Sir. Alexander thought to outwit her, but she was the better genius at chicanery, and the diamond completely cut the diamond."

"But what a strange thing it was for a pope to keep a mistress!" exclaimed Miss Denzel.

"You may well say so, my dear; but, I believe, there was not any enormity from which they were exempt.

"Henry the Second of England, and Lewis of France, alighted to hold the bridle of Pope Alexander the Third,' say both Hume and Beckford: 'a spectacle,' cries the bigoted Baronius (says the former) in an ecstasy, 'to God, angels, and men! and such as had never before been exhibited in the world.' And we may add," said Mrs. Mordant, "such as we hope and trust never will be exhibited again.—But this digression has carried us from Cardinal Farnese, afterward Pope Paul the Third, who was the founder of the illustrious house of Parma, from which the present and late kings of Spain, Portugal, and the late king of the Two Sicilies, are, or were, immediately descended."

"That is very extraordinary indeed, Madam," said young Mr. Denzel. "As how, pray?"

"I mean to inform you, Sir, Philip the Fifth, King of Spain, married, on the 26th of September 1714, the Princess Elizabeth Farnese, heiress to the Duke of Parma, which lady being Queen of Spain,

was mother to Don Carlos, late King of Spain—to Don Philip, late Duke of Parma—to Don Lewis, formerly called Cardinal of Bourbon and Archbishop of Toledo—to Donna Maria Victoria, late Queen of Portugal—to Frederick, who married the Infanta of Portugal, her own uncle, by virtue of a bull from the pope! The Infanta was the daughter of John the Fifth; but that prince dying 1759, was succeeded by his half-brother Don Carlos. For further particulars respecting Pope Paul the Third, I refer you to his life. I must, however add, that, beside those I have named, there were many collateral branches of the august house of Farnese. Diana d'Angoulesme, natural daughter of Henry the Second, King of France, was, with the concurrence of the king her father, married to Horatio Farnese."

"I think those kings, and queens, and dukes, have no reason to be proud of their great ancestor, Madam."

"They probably thought, and those who survive do think, otherwise. He was

a pope, which, in the eyes of a catholic, is the highest of all earthly honours. To be descended from the Almighty's vicegerent, from him who not only dispenses earthly felicity, but gives passports to heaven, absolving all mortal sin, is with them considered far more glorious and great than to have been the offspring of any other prince or potentate in the known world."

"It may be so, Madam; but to me, who think no more of the pope than I do of another man, it appears far otherwise," said young Denzel; "and I think beside, that a man's taking upon himself to absolve sin, is an implied insult to the Almighty. It is to be presumed, as they absolve others, they think they can very easily exonerate themselves; and, in that case, they will have quiet consciences under the most flagitious and unprincipled conduct, which is assuredly a very great happiness."

"And do you seriously think, Sir," said Mrs. Mordant, "that any mortal man-

be he who or what he would, ever so far deceived himself as to believe he had the power to absolve sin? We may deceive others, but we cannot deceive ourselves.

" 'While we record the fact, we shudder at the infatuation (says Beckford) that could attach infallibility to an individual like ourselves, and set up a pageant upon the throne of grace, to issue thence his irresistible mandates, as though he were a being superior to the impressions, and not subject to the lot, of humanity.'—*History of France*, vol. ii. page 116.

"It is worthy of our remark," continued Mrs. Mordant, "that dispensations were sold wholesale and retail, during the pontificate of Pope Leo the Tenth; not only for the sins people had already committed, but for those they might commit in future. Goldsmith says, 'they were sold in all the shops.' I know not whence he derived that information. Certain it is, that the holy fathers travelled to dispose of them, and, it is said,

that, like most other retailers, they thought fit to put a good profit on those pontifical indulgences. Roscoe, in his Life of Lorenzo, has spoken with much dignified truth on this subject. He tells us, that these holy licenses were dispersed for the purpose of building (Saint Peter's at Rome), and we must surely laud the wisdom that suggested a measure so replete with christian charity and convenience.

"Grose, in his Antiquities, says, 'A letter of indulgence was published in England, for such as would contribute to the chapel of the Holy Cross at Colchester.'

"It will, perhaps, create your further astonishment, when I inform you that dispensations continue to be granted, and that the following account of them appeared in a popular print for January 1808:

"'My compliments to Mr. P—. Is he in good health? I intend to send him soon a small present. I yesterday saw a bull,

or gift of the pope's, of plenary indulgences, in articulo mortis, to a gentleman and his relations to the third generation, and to three hundred others whom he may choose! This friend has promised me an authentic copy, and one dozen of the indulgences at my disposal, of which Mr. P— shall have one, for it is good to have two strings to one's bow. The donation is authentic, with seals, &c. &c. I am, with particular regard,

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

MARISCHAL.'

"This letter was written by the Lord Marischal of Scotland, when he was lord of the bed-chamber to the great Frederick, King of Prussia. It was addressed to Mr. Ballantyne, of Mark Lane.

"The conduct of Pope Pascal, who communicated with the Emperor Henry the Fifth on the same wafer, one half of which was given to the prince and the other half to the pontiff, would lead us to think that his holiness did believe

he could absolve himself, or that he did not believe what he professed; that is to say, that the real body and blood of his God were received by him in the sacrament, which he took, under the most dreadful imprecations, if ever he violated the treaty then signed and ratified: yet Pascal revoked all he had said, and pronounced the sentence of excommunication at Rheims, with the most dreadful anathemas, on the emperor. If this Pope Pascal the Second believed his own tenets, he was a most atrocious and horrible sinner; and if he did not believe them, he was a most abominable knave.

"The emperor, Henry the Fifth, was of a generous and condescending disposition, of which I will give you one singular instance. When Titian, the so justly celebrated artist, was painting his picture, the painter incautiously dropped his pencil, which the emperor instantly picked up, and presented to him. On the latter expressing himself as sensible of the grace shewn him on that occasion, Henry said,

'It is an honour for Cæsar to wait upon Titian.' The emperor's liberality and munificence to this artist are well known.—But to return: When we simply tell what may be deemed a trifling untruth, compared to such a one as was with such awful preparations pronounced by Pope Pascal the Second, I mean an untruth to attempt the extenuation of a fault, we acquit ourselves with man, and incur a debt with the Almighty, which is surely a miserable compromise, and such a one as, I hope, you will never enter into, much less into one where you imprecate the vengeance of God. A dereliction from truth is an outrage of the grossest kind against the immaculate nature of the Supreme Being, who is truth itself, and certainly cannot have approbation or excuse for any thing that in the least degree deviates from it.

"I have only one anecdote more, when I will wave this subject, on which I am prone to dwell, because I wish you to remember the blood that has been shed

to establish the blessings we possess, of liberty of conscience to all men.

"I do not recollect if I have ever quoted John Gerson, who said, 'To what purpose did the Almighty give me a conscience, if I am to live and die according to the conscience of another man?'

"The anecdote I have for you is of an English bishop, who, in the audacity of pardoning power, exceeds all of whom I have ever read. This was Doctor Nicolas West, Bishop of Ely, who departed this life April 28th, 1533, and previously caused the following passage to be inserted in his will, preparatory to its being engraven on a marble slab, which was to be placed on his tomb:

"'Of your charitie pray for Nicholas West, bishop of this see, and all Christian soules, for whiche prayer he hath granted to every person so doying, fortie days pardon, for every time that they shall so pray.' So that, by this doctrine, the ministers of the catholic church could

not only absolve you while they had life, but even when they were in purgatory themselves."

"You told me, some time ago, you would give us an account how the belief of the pope's supremacy first obtained footing in England, Madam."

'I did so, Sir; and I will now inform you how it obtained footing; but for the giant strides it made afterward, to obtain its empire, I must refer you to the History of England. The church is a voluminous subject there.

"Augustine first attempted to teach the primitive Christians, in this country, the doctrine of the pope's supremacy, in the year 978, at which time it was not acknowledged in Gaul. We had, at that period, only two churches appropriated to the Christian worship, both of them at Canterbury; the elder of which, Saint Martin's, which is still standing, with the original font, Bertha, king Ethelbert's queen, had assigned to her, with Luidhard, a French bishop, for her chaplain. And

here Augustine first entered on his office. But no entreaties, exhortations, nor even miracles, for he wrought many, could persuade our ancestors of Kent to quit the religion of their fathers. And at length the clergy, with their prior Dilnoth at their head, were deputed to treat with this messenger from his holiness; but the insolent and haughty manner in which Augustine received them, for the present, defeated the scheme; and Dilnoth, in the most explicit manner, gave him to understand, that they would not pay obedience to a bishop in Rome, for that they were already provided with their own superior. On which he charitably threatened them with destruction. Thus we see what made Augustine a Saint.

"Christianity had been established in England nearly two hundred years, when this new sovereign, and his new light, were thus obtrusively thrust upon us. I am happy to add, that the manly Prior

Dilnoth's name is still a highly respectable one in Kent.

"The pope is now but little; and were it not that I am convinced there is a party still in existence who wish to render him great, I should hold this topic in derision. But when I reflect how this ecclesiastical bugbear formerly got footing in our isle, I look with a commixture of indignation and horror on those who would either uphold or vindicate the propriety of its existence. The bravest and the wisest of our princes subsequently gave into it; and, in the space of four hundred years, to doubt its validity was to be consigned, without pity or mercy, to an ignominious death in this world, and to everlasting condemnation in the world to come.

"Henry the Fifth abandoned his worthy friend Sir John Oldcastle, commonly called the good Lord Cobham, to the fury of the monk-led multitude, after he had himself warned him to abjure his

heresies. His lordship's answer is on record:

"'I ever was,' said he, 'a dutiful subject to your majesty, and ever will be; next to God, I profess obedience to my king; but as to the spiritual dominion of the pope, I never could see on what foundation it is claimed, nor can I shew him my obedience.' The circumstances attending the martyrdom of Lord Cobham are too shocking for me to detail. I refer you to Rapin. He was the first among our nobility who sealed the abjuration of the pope's supremacy with his blood. This horrid event took place some time in the year 1418.

"'The spiritual dominion of Rome,' says Gordon in his History of Ireland, 'was not acknowledged until the year 1152, in a council of the Irish clergy, summoned by Cardinal Parapus, legate à latere of Pope Eugenius the Third, which was convened at Kells, and the supremacy of the Roman pontiff solemnly recognized.' So that it is but just

to presume we preceded our sister kingdom in this folly nearly one hundred years."

"Thank you, Madam:" said the Etonian; "I shall remember all you say; and, if ever it be in my power, will, as far as in me lies, vindicate and uphold my own birthright with that of my brother citizens."

"There spoke the British commoner!" said Mrs. Mordant: "the heroism of the mind is all; believe yourself to be above seduction, and you are so; precedence, place, or pension, what are they?

"'One self-approving hour' is worth them all. I wish either of you had learnt to repeat Hamley's Poem, we would have it here."

"Edmund can speak the whole of the Prologue to Gustavus Vasa, Madam," said Miss Maria.

"Indeed! then, notwithstanding it is so very late, we must solicit it—come Sir, no refusal—I have spoken longer

than I intended, but will be less prolix another evening."

The Etonian bowed; and rising gracefully, repeated the Prologue requested:

PROLOGUE TO GUSTAVUS VASA.

'Britons! this night presents a state distress'd,
Tho' brave, yet vanquish'd, and tho' great, oppress'd.
Vice, ravening vulture, on her vitals prey'd,
Her peers, her prelates, fell corruption sway'd—
Their rights for power th' ambitious weakly sold,
The wealthy poorly, for superfluous gold.
—Hence wasting ills, hence sev'ring factions rose,
And gave large entrance to invading foes.
Truth, justice, honour, fled th' infected shore,
For freedom, sacred freedom! was no more.

'Then, greatly rising, in his country's right,
Her hero, her deliv'rer, sprang to light—
A race of hardy Northern sons he led,
Guiltless of courts, untainted, and unread,
Whose inborn spirit scorn'd th' ignoble fee,
Whose hands scorn'd bondage, for their hearts were free.

'Ask you what law their conq'ring cause confess'd—
Great nature's law, the law within the breast,
Form'd by no art, and to no sect confin'd,
But stampt by Heav'n upon th' immortal mind.
Yes! such of old the first-born natives were,
Who breath'd the virtues of Britannia's air;
Their realm, in vain the mighty Cæsar sought,
For mightier freedom against Cæsar fought;
And bravely drove the fam'd invader home,
To tyrannize o'er polished—venal Rome.

'Our bard, exalted by a freeborn flame,
To every nation would transfer his claim;
He to no state or climate bounds his page,
He bids the moral beam thro' ev'ry age.
Then be your judgment gen'rous as his plan,
Ye Sons of Freedom—save the Friend of Man.'

"I thank you, Sir," said Mrs. Mordant; "your delivery of this poem does you infinite credit. I wish you to exercise this talent often; it will give you a habit of speaking correctly and without embarrassment. An inelegant reader or speaker may obliterate the graces and beauties of the most charming composition that ever sense and eloquence composed. In my judgment, the

Prologue you have just now repeated has only one defective line."

"Which is that, pray, Madam?"

"The fourteenth, Sir. We have to boast that the elegant and refined arts of the present day have neither lessened our patriotism nor our courage. In a free state, the arts of peace do not encumber the wings of war. Here Jews, Christians, sectarists of all kinds, unite in the common cause; they are all loyal links of the same chain, and pull all together; it is in the cause of freedom."

"You name the Jews before the Christians, Madam."

"The Bible is before the Testament, Sir. I do not wish to reverse the order of things, much less of Scripture."

EVENING THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

THE next morning Mr. Denzel sent his compliments to Mrs. Mordant, and begged the favour of her company, and that of her young ladies, to join a tea party he had invited for that evening. Politeness and harmony were the characteristics of the meeting; and the company not retiring until a late hour, the social conversation, calculated for instruction and entertainment, was deferred until Saturday evening.

EVENING THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

"Ah! Madam," exclaimed Miss Denzel, on meeting Mrs. Mordant after tea the next evening, "what a pleasure is intelligent conversation! You have given me a taste for that, which renders all promiscuous intercourse with the world either tasteless or insipid. I had rather sit by this social fire-side, and listen to your conversation, than be at the first rout in Europe—where Mrs. Such-a-one signifies she is at home, which is assuredly a great affectation, and you meet a number of strange and scrutinizing faces, that you have probably never seen before, and never may see again."

"Beware of becoming a flatterer, my dear girl," said Mrs. Mordant. "I have no doubt of your esteem; nay, I please

myself by thinking I possess a portion of your love. Variety is the criterion, by which you must form a judgment of what is best. Routs and balls are not essential; but we visit them in submission to the usage of the world: our neighbours and acquaintance will enjoy the rightful privilege they have of thinking and acting for themselves; but, in my idea, nothing can be more unworthy of a human being, who is possessed of a good education, than a life entirely devoted to cards, routs, &c. Your diversified entertainment of last evening may possibly impel you to feel more satisfaction in my company, than you would have done but for that estrangement."

"Yes, indeed, Madam," exclaimed Miss Maria; "and Edmund said this morning how insipid the evening was, compared with those we pass with you."

"I am very much pleased and gratified, Sir, in so distinguished a preference."

"You are very polite, Madam," said

the Etonian, bowing—" My father has frequently heard my sentiments on this subject. I derive so much pleasure, information, and entertainment, when I am in company with you and my sisters, that I can hardly have an idea of a more agreeable, and I am sure there can be no more rational, way of passing time. Your various conversation, Madam, has made me defer from day to day a request I meant to make."

" Name it, Sir, I pray."

" You said, Madam, that the crimes of most of the kings of France, with the exception of Henry the Fourth, and two or three more whom I have forgotten, were such as could not be thought of without horror; and I wished you to point out the parcular actions you deemed so very heinous in them."

" To detail particulars of history, Sir, is to speak a history. I dwelt on the character of Henry the Fourth, because I think him a prince almost unparalleled in the annals of the world. We

will endeavour to obtain the history of that king, written by Archbishop Perefixe, a book which ought to be translated into every living language for the benefit of mankind. I know of no succinct history of the other monarchs whom I named: I must, therefore, refer you to the History of France. That by Beckford, in the English language, as far as he has used his eloquent pen, is such as could neither be added to nor diminished without injury to the whole: that he grew weary of his task can hardly be enough lamented.

"The history of France is so connected with the history of your own country, that an attention to, and remembrance of, it is particularly essential.

"Lewis the Twelfth is among the most amiable of the French monarchs; he married Mary, the youngest daughter of Henry the Seventh of England, own sister to Henry the Eighth, and to Queen Margaret of Scotland. These were the grandchildren of the celebrated Eliza-

beth Woodville, the widow of Lord Grey, wife of Edward the Fourth, as by the marriage of her then only child, the Princess Elizabeth of York, to Henry the Seventh, the contending royal houses of York and Lancaster were united. Mary, the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Scots, was the daughter of the just-named Queen Margaret, so that her son, James the Sixth of Scotland, and First of England, in his own person, represented both those kingdoms, as also all the illustrious ancestry that had preceded him in them. After him, his son, Charles the First, who married the Princess Henrietta Maria of France, the daughter of that glorious monarch, of whom we have conversed so much, Henry the Fourth, by Mary of Medicis; so that King Charles the First, and his queen, were undoubtedly the two most illustrious persons then in Europe, if ancestry be honour. With these august personages it was adorned by virtue; and the change of fortune they experienced is an awful lesson, over which we

drop the tear of regret, pity, and commiseration. Charles the Second, and James the Second, and, after that misguided monarch had abdicated the throne, the Queens Mary and Anne, his daughters, lineally represented these families; their mother, however, was the daughter of Lord Chancellor Hyde, by the widow of a brewer, of whom a history is detailed that has no example in my knowledge: but I must pursue my theme. After these princesses, Mary and Anne, their half-brother James, son of King James the Second, by the Princess of Modena, commonly called the old Pretender, who died at Rome 1766, leaving two sons, Charles, commonly called the young Pretender, and James, a cardinal, denominated, by way of pre-eminence, and, in compliment to his princely birth, the Cardinal of York. The Cardinal of York died recently, and, with him, all the glory, royalty, pageantry, and ambition of York, Lancaster, Stuart, and de Medici. And here I must digress to

quote the great Sir Walter Raleigh, whose execution is an indelible blot on the annals of our country, and whose pathetic and empassioned apostrophe to death I cannot read without tears.

"'O, eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise thou hast persuaded, what none have dared thou hast done, and whom all the world has flattered thou hast cast out and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-fetched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, guilt, and ambition, of man, and covered them over with two little words—*Hic Jacet*'."

"I never understood perfectly the genealogy of the present Royal Family of England," said Miss Denzel.

"In them, my dear," replied Mrs. Mordant, "we may collaterally recognize the royal houses of York, Lancaster, Stuart, and de Medici; the mother of King George the First being the granddaughter of James the First of England;

and consequently great granddaughter to Henry the seventh."

"Will you favour us with the genealogy succinctly, Madam?" said the young gentleman.

"With pleasure, Sir—

GENEALOGY OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

"Elizabeth, daughter of King James the Sixth of Scotland, and First of England, was married, on the 14th of February 1613, to Frederick, the first Elector Palatine, and afterwards King of Bohemia: from this marriage sprang the Princess Sophia, who became the wife of Ernest Augustus, duke of Brunswick-Lunenburgh, and mother to King George the First; and, in right of that princess, and to establish the Protestant Church, he was voted, by her commons, King of Great Britain, to the exclusion of the male issue of King James the Second."

"I shall learn this perfectly," said the Etonian; "for I am very apt to confuse genealogies. James the Second then was grandfather to Charles, commonly called the young Pretender."

"Certainly. You will also please to recollect, that Charles Stuart, and his Scottish friends, with all his adherents, were totally routed at the ever memorable battle of Culloden, when thirteen clans, with their gallant leader, were defeated by a stratagem of his Royal Highness William, duke of Cumberland."

"Can you favour us with the names of the clans, Madam?"

"It would be cruel and invidious now, Sir. We live in an enlightened age, under the mildest and most just of princes, who has, as far as it was in his power, generously and munificently restored those families, formerly deemed defective, to his royal favour; and, in imitation of so great and beneficent an example, I forbear to awaken the remembrance of former animosity.

"King George the Third has, in all respects, adhered to his coronation oath, and has shewn himself the father of his people and the champion of the Protestant faith, keeping the maxims of his great grandfather ever in view, which were, 'Never to abandon his friend: To do justice to all men: And to fear none.' So says the historian.

"No page was ever more eventful than that which shall hereafter record the reign of our august Monarch; and none was ever so free from all that stains, or so bright with all that dignifies, human nature.

"We will now have done with genealogies; they are only entertaining to the reflecting mind.

"I shall present my dear little girls with a pretty poem, which I wish them to learn and repeat. It is original, and I hope may become as great a favourite as Aurelia and the Spider, with which Miss Sarah entertained the company last evening.

STANZAS

TO A MOTH BURNT IN THE TAPER.

'How do I grieve to see thy golden wing,
Scorch'd by the taper, inconsiderate moth;
Thus beauty roves round fashion's mazy ring,
To woo love's fatal flame, and perjur'd oath.

'Like thee, though once deceiv'd, again she tries,
Plumes the light wing, and idly flutters round,
Again betray'd, from folly's blaze she flies,
And weeps in darkness each unpitied wound.

'With gentlest breath I woo'd thee from thy bane,
Told thee that flame was but deceptive day;
But thou, like beauty, giddy, weak, and vain,
Wilful in error, flew destruction's way.

'Ah! what avails thee now that spangled vest?
Those golden wings inhem'd with purple dye?
Anguish corrodes thy youthful guileless breast,
And folly flies thy unavailing sigh.

'Stay, gentle nymph! nor scorn the moral song,
A thousand snares beset thy dang'rous way,
And envy's eye, and slander's venom'd tongue,
Have blasted innocence in open day.

'Regard the moth! how short her glitt'ring reign,
Three giddy rounds she took, that reign is o'er,
Her portion's lonely darkness, fear, and pain,
Like her, whene'er you fall, you rise no more.'

'If poor weak woman swerve from virtue's rule—
* *
* *
In vain, with tears, the loss she may deplore,
In vain look back on what she was before,
She sets, like stars, that fall to rise no more.'

ROWE.

"There is no merit in a quotation, unless it be applied in a different sense from that meant by its original author. Lord Orford (Horace Walpole) has said so, and his lordship is no inconsiderable authority.

"I shall now bid you good night. You will please to recollect that to-morrow will be Sunday, and, as I know of no lesson more pathetic or appropriate to the love we ought to bear one another, than the section of the eighteenth chapter of St. Matthew, beginning with the twenty-third verse, I recommend it to your earnest

consideration, as an exercise for to-morrow morning. May we have the grace so to apply it, as to make the sentiment it contains the rule of our moral duties; and do unto all men as we would they should do unto us. The consciousness of having done this fills the soul, as the Almighty does the universe, with all that is worthy of love, admiration, and joy.

EVENING THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

MRS. MORDANT and her ladies were honoured by a visit from Mr. Denzel, who accompanied his son to partake of the evening's entertainment.

The section was read by Miss Denzel, which Mrs. Mordant had recommended, and at the desire of their father a page of scripture was also read by each of his younger daughters; one of which contained that in which a gourd is mentioned: which being finished, Miss Sarah, addressing herself to her father, said—"What is a gourd, Sir?"

"A vegetable, resembling a pumpkin, my dear, which you have doubtless seen. The Arabians call the gourd a

charrah—Linnæus designates it, cucurbita largenaria."

"Thank you, Sir; we have a sketch of the life of Linnæus."

"He was no idler, my little Sarah," said Mr. Denzel; "he applied himself sedulously, which is the only way by which you may acquire knowledge."

"Certainly," rejoined Mrs. Mordant: "as we lose time, we should gain wisdom; an atom every moment moulders from our existence; if we counterpoise that loss by a ray of intelligence or virtue, we may look steadily on its lapse, for we are then provided with resources to repel its inroads. How delightful is the reflection, that we have not lived in vain; that we have treasured up a store of knowledge for the edification or amusement of each other, and the solace of ourselves."

"True, Madam," replied Mr. Denzel; "an intelligent mind may be likened to the Caspian Sea, which receives seventy renovating springs at once from the

Wolga. Thus books enrich and renovate the mind."

"Your simile, Sir," said the Etonian to his father, "likens perceptive to intellectual salubrity. Mrs. Mordant has told me, our eyes perceive things at once, but that our minds are of a very different order; suffered to rust, she says, beyond a certain time, we cannot polish them; ideas, that would otherwise have started into life, are for ever dormant; and that the judgment which might have weighed all things in the balance, (I use her words, Sir,) sinks into the perishable gulph and is forgotten."

"I am delighted to find your memory so retentive, and your powers so expanded. Your debt to Mrs. Mordant is infinite; your attention, at all times, ought to be awakened to the information she gives you, and your gratitude, I trust, will be as lasting as your lives; for surely it will be impossible for you to forget the good you are still enjoying."

Mrs. Mordant bowed; and Mr. Den-

zel proceeded—"I entertain the hope, that I shall one day see some of your amusing conversations detailed for the benefit of others. Pliny the younger says, in a letter to Tacitus, 'Happy I esteem those to be whom Providence has distinguished with the abilities either of doing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read'."

"Was not Pliny the elder destroyed by a volcano, Sir," said the Etonian to his father.

"Certainly; the very letter I have just now quoted is the one that gives an account of his death."

"What strange things volcanos are; so very unaccountable!"

"Maria, I must desire that you will not commit yourself by such wondering exclamations: those who are ever wondering are ever idiots. We live in an age in which nothing is wonderful; science has stripped the veil from darkness; folly is deprived of her bells; hy-

pocrisy of her mask; chicanery of her mystery; and fanaticism of her torch: experience can demonstrate, and reason can assign you, a cause for every thing. Hundreds of ingenious men have illustrated the phænomenon of the volcano. Mr. Lemery, I believe, was the first."

"As how, pray, Sir?" questioned young Mr. Denzel.

"This gentleman, Edmund, mixed an equal quantity of powdered sulphur and iron filings; and having damped them with a little water, put them into an iron pot, which he covered with a thick cloth, and then buried the pot only about a foot from the surface, which he left level: in about eight or ten hours the earth mounted into a hillock, and soon afterward grew hot; a violent vapour issued from every delation, and thus a miniature volcano was produced; which fully proves that those of the most fatal extent proceed from the powerful and resistant action of iron, water, and sulphur."—The party became silent.—"You

don't speak," continued Mr. Denzel; "I should be sorry to engross the conversation."

"When we derive either pleasure, or instruction, Sir," said Mrs. Mordant," it is not a question who is the speaker; those who suspend their good nature, while they exercise their wit, alone merit interruption."

"Wit—I never imagined that I possessed it, Madam; it is a dangerous talent, and never yet made a friend."

"You will excuse me, Sir; that opinion is satirical, if not witty, inasmuch as it implies a disapprobation of that in another, which most of us, I believe, prize so highly in ourselves."

"Will you favour me with your definition of wit, as an abstract idea, Madam."

"As an abstract idea! Sir, I think that next to impossible, since wit requires many concomitant objects to give it effect: one is never sufficient. When it descends to persons, it becomes satire;

that, as I think, is the kind you describe. That which must make a friend is of a much higher order; its end must be the entertainment and amusement of those who surround us. To descant or remark on peculiarities, actions, manners, or defects, is the province of ill-nature; which, certainly, may be combined with wit, but then it becomes offensive. 'We all sooner forgive a thing done against us, than a thing said against us,' says some author I have read, I believe Smollet."

"I agree with you, Madam; the greatest discretion is required by those who possess wit in the government of the tongue. The book bearing that title is an excellent one; my edition is as far back as 1675."

"Yes, Sir, I think with you that it may be advantageously read by all persons. 'Life and death are in the power of the tongue,' is the motto of the title-page; and much eloquence and much learning are there displayed in its illustration; and yet more might be said on it. Hap-

py are those who can govern it. Its worst vice is detraction, which is invariably combined with envy and falsehood; its best talent is the praise of the Almighty and his works."

"Granted, Madam; but to return to wit: you still admit it may be personal, and, if so, may be defined as an abstract idea."

"Locke has defined it, Sir, and to him I must refer you. Shenstone and Congreve are generally deemed estimable for this talent. The conceits of the first, however, are in little estimation, and the repartee of the latter is so much studied that it seems like affectation:

'Something whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
Which gives us back the image of the mind,' Pope.

is, in my idea, applicable to sense or reason, independent of wit. The smallest fissure in the dreariest cave will admit the sun-beam, which darting on it,

irradiates the space at once: perception wants no voice to tell her it is day!

"A lady, walking with her husband and two other gentlemen in the Park at Edinburgh, an ass brayed as the company passed them. 'My dear!' said the gentleman, facetiously, to his wife, 'don't you hear your brother call you?' On which the lady made obedience, saying, 'My brother, Sir! if so, it is by affinity, for I never had the honour to see the gentleman before.' Here premeditation was not possible, and the retort is, in the truest sense, wit, inasmuch as it impels a smile, and at the same moment conveys conviction and surprise.

"When wit becomes personal, that is to say, when we exercise an ill-natured wit on our neighbour, we are, for the most part, forgetful of ourselves; and what is worse, forgetful of mortality, the bare recollection of which is surely sufficient to soften, humble, and amend the heart. You will pardon me, if I apostrophise here to my children, Sir; I generally

address them in this manner from recollection." Mr. Denzel bowed.

"It was formerly the practice of the emperors of Constantinople, on all solemn occasions, to carry in their hands a roll of parchment filled with dust, instead of a sceptre, to remind them of their mortality. This roll is called by the Turks Acacia, derived, as I have been informed, from the Greek word *akakia*, which implies innocence, or the being innocent. Excuse me, Sir."

"Excuse you, Mrs. Mordant; pray proceed, Madam: the attention you command is the best proof of your powers. You can never speak in vain. I perceive you have more to say; I pray you will proceed."

"I was going to repeat to my young ladies, Sir, the conclusion of the will of Abubeker, the father of Mahomet."

"It is new to me, Madam; pray speak."

"'In the name of the most merciful God! this is the will of Abubeker, made

at a time when he was going out of this world into the next; at a time when Infidels believe, when the impious cease to doubt, and the liar divulges the truth'."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Mr. Denzel; "our definition of wit has led us on to wisdom, demonstrated to reason by the powerful eloquence of truth. The transmutation of baser metals into gold has been delineated by hieroglyphics; but wisdom and truth are not occult sciences, they breathe from the intelligent soul.

"The roll of parchment filled with dust is an emblem of great significance, and familiar, from its simplicity, to all understandings: we may place it in a vase, and surround it with flowers; for one is but the illustrative symbol of the other. Beauteous as ye are, to this ye must return!"

"Pray, Papa, don't talk of death or its emblems, it is so very shocking," said Miss Sarah.

"My dear child," replied Mrs. Mordant, "you ought not to feel its ter-

rors so forcibly. God Almighty must be just, and his justice is tempered with mercy; the virtuous, therefore, have only to pray for his protection, and put their trust in his goodness, and to follow the command of our text—'Do unto all, as we would they should do unto us;' and, above all things, let us have truth and charity, not only in actual deeds, but in pity and mercy toward the errors and misfortunes of our fellow-creatures. Your consciousness will give you fortitude; and remember that I have frequently told you, the religion that is without it avails you but little, since, without fortitude, you can neither endure nor combat misfortune."

"Assuredly!" rejoined Mr. Denzel; "how many have successfully buffeted the storms of fate! Had Cæsar wanted resolution, the empire had still been Pompey's."

"I wish you had visited us often during the vacation, Papa," said Miss Maria, "for I think you seem to enjoy our so-

ciety now. Do pray permit Edmund to stay a little longer with us. Mrs. Mordant has promised us two or three such pretty stories—"

"I have given him a few days, my dear; and I enjoin you to remember the stories, and tell me all the subsequent day.—To-morrow, Madam, I presume you mean to open the recreative budget: till then we must be serious.—I wish to hear you play and sing your last hymn; that harmonized by Mrs. Mordant, from Levi, I mean."

"We have a new one, Sir."

"If it be a good one, pray give it me. Sacred music, well performed, lifts the spirit above itself, and frequently awakens even coldness and apathy into attention and devotion. Indifferent poetry and bad music are the very reverse of these; they debase the most sublime of all subjects, the praise of the Almighty."

"To say that is good, Sir, which we composed ourselves, might be deemed

presumptuous and assuming; we will therefore crave your leave:

HYMN.

" With grateful heart thy timbrel raise,
With humbled spirit chant thy praise;
Let gaze and action both accord
In presence of th' Almighty Lord.

" To Him, whose hand the world displays,
Whom Heav'n and all th' expanse obeys,
To Him thy praise enraptur'd pour,
And still his hallow'd name adore.

" A seraph's voice, a heav'nly string,
Alone beseem the theme we sing;
That Power, whose all-pervading eye
Explores the earth, and 'lumes the sky.

" Then guard thy looks, adjust thy mien,
By whom are all thine actions seen?
No off'rings to His presence bring
Unworthy of the theme we sing.

" Within thy closet's silent gloom,
Within the dark sepulchral tomb,
His eye explores—all hallow'd ray!
For mortals God ordain'd the day.

"Praise Him that thus we know to sing;
And, soaring on devotion's wing,
The song with ceaseless rapture pour,
And, while we sing, his power adore.

"With grateful heart, &c. &c. &c."

"My dear children," said Mr. Denzel, "you give me great pleasure to hear you, and to see you so happy. Your hymn is worthy of its theme. The spirit you have imbibed, of endeavouring to render yourselves agreeable to each other and to those around you, will, I trust, render you so to the world. The art of making ourselves acceptable, particularly to persons of refinement, is no mean one.

"The Spectator quotes Horace, epistle the seventeenth, in one of his papers on the Art of Pleasing. Perhaps you recollect it, Madam."

"I believe I do, Sir: there is in that paper, I think, a very just and elegant compliment to the poet Horace. His disposition is there estimated superior to

his talent. It is said there, that he had thoughts too high for ambition, and views too large to be gratified, even by what Augustus could bestow. So far the Spectator. The emperor, Sir, had pride in imitating Horace, and he offered the poet any dignity he pleased to ask. Horace declined the adventitious honours of rank, place, and precedence; his closet was his throne, the laurel-wreath was his crown. The emperor lived, with those whom he honoured with his partial countenance, as a private man. Augustus sought, in the society of Horace, that inexpressible delight resulting from similarity of opinion and pursuit, from refined taste and polished manners. He assumed no superiority, but that he deemed due to his private qualifications. This was true greatness."

"My sentiments are in the most perfect accordance with yours, Madam. Augustus Cæsar's character is elegantly drawn by Doctor Bevor, in his Legal Polity of the Roman State: the doctor

quotes at large from Horace (satire the first) on the pleasure malicious persons take in inverting the moral intentions of human actions."

"Yes, Sir; and I deem that malignness of heart which is ever seeking to depreciate the merit of another, as the worst alloy of intelligent and immortal souls.

"All other faults can plead the sensuality of earthly wishes, and seek gratification in enjoyment; this only is without excuse.

"Allow me again to recur to the excellent paper in the Spectator, to which you called my attention just now, Sir.

"Cunning people, hypocrites, all who are but half wise or half virtuous, are incapable of tasting the refined pleasure of such an equal company as could wholly exclude the regard of fortune in their conversation."

"I believe that paper is Addison's, Madam."

"I think it is, Sir. Pope wronged Addison, and Dennis insulted him. Many

of his essays have never yet had their due praise; of his poetry I should, if called upon, say less. He has been accused of meanness: it is a quality I never yet found unaccompanied; its constant associate is cunning. I deem every meanness, that is derogatory to a person's fortune or character, an act of larceny against both, since by it we rob ourselves of them: for, of what use are riches without the power of showering benefits? what is the use of ability unless it be exerted? When I speak thus, I am far from inciting you to wanton liberality, my dear children. The river that rejoices the valley does not overflow it; the cloud that drops its nurturing treasures over the thirsty mountain, is borrowed from, and renovated by, the wave: each is dependant on the other; so let our generous actions tell. The solace and refreshment we give shall return in copious streams to our own bosoms; we shall feel an innate consciousness of soul, in the hour when we need it most, that the treasures

of the world would be then too poor to purchase. To bestow what we do not want, is, in fact, giving nothing. What charity or generosity is there in sparing that which we deem superfluous? To be charitable or generous, we must retrench our luxuries, and dispense with our ornaments. We must suffer privation of appetite, or gratification of pride: we must relinquish some real or adventitious good; nor suffer a selfish meanness to regret or remember the action; or, if we remember it, be it only to rejoice. A parsimonious gift is not charity; it is an act of meanness to the Fountain of light and munificence. How poor and debased must thy spirit be, when thou canst only spare a mite to him who gave thee all! Your pardon, Sir!" said Mrs. Mordant; "I have perhaps spoken too long: but I am in the habit of lecturing my precious charge. Do not fear, Sir; you will never find them prodigal; they will bestow, in the sense they have of the Almighty's munificence to themselves. The

rich and the powerful are the delegated almoners of Heaven."

"Madam," replied Mr. Denzel, "it is my wish that you will still speak. Your language and sentiments give me back the image of my own mind; and I almost envy you the power of expressing it for me, so much better than I can for myself."

"The subject on which I spoke, Sir, is an exhaustless one, and that is the best reason I can adduce for the prolix sentences I have just spoken. I wish my young ladies fully to comprehend my meaning at all times; and it is my desire to impress them with an idea that it is their duty to emulate the Almighty. In our best actions we approach as nearly as our frail nature will admit of the comparison: for His benevolence vies with His greatness. A single grain of wheat, sown by my own hand in a light rich soil, produced seventy-three ears from the parent root. How anxiously I watched its progress—how did I glorify God! It was devoured by some animal

ere it had ripened. I felt a privation, which, I hope, I need not describe. I plucked and counted a single ear; it contained upwards of sixty grains: multiply these by seventy-three, and look with wonder at the increase. Pardon me once again, Sir."

"Madam, if you have more to say, I beseech you to speak."

Mrs. Mordant continued: "Thus is the bread that sustains life given in such abundance. We will now turn to your less immediate sustenance. We will take a female cod-fish; we will make choice of the time when that fish is in full season; we will take out the roe, and weigh off one single dram weight of it; we will then patiently count the eggs there are in that small quantity, and weighing the whole afterward, reduce it to drams, or numerate by the mass, according to the portion we have counted, when we may probably discover that a single cod carries within her no less that nine millions three hundred and forty-four or five thousand eggs! The

sole, the flounder, and the plaice, feed and feast on these eggs, being observed by Linnæus and other naturalists to watch as the cod lays them; but, after all their repasts and enjoyments, there is left a countless multitude for the replenishment of the seas and luxury of man. The cod has no sense of the depredations committed on her insensate progeny: thus is the mercy of the All Powerful Being demonstrated here! Myriads are fed, myriads are renovated, and myriads of myriads multiply and increase. Thus merciful and munificent in all his works is the Power that upholds the universe; to whom be all praise, glory, gratitude, admiration, and adoration, for ever and ever! Amen."

"O, Sir!" said Edmund, "you have never passed an evening with us before; and I have yet a question to ask you. The acacia, Sir, is it not a tree?"

"The history of American plants speaks of a tree called the acacia, which, when once set, is there said to be an in-

exhaustible source of timber of the most excellent quality."

"Some time since, Sir," said Mrs. Mordant, "I read an account of the tree you are speaking of in an American publication. It is there called the acacia, or locust-tree, described as very beautiful, something resembling the elm. Many hundreds of young trees are said to shoot spontaneously from the root of an old one; the quickness of its growth too, as there related, is wonderful. Acacia is also the name of a medicine, pressed, as I believe, from the plant called the Egyptian thorn, and afterward concentrated into a gum."

"It is so, Madam; but we have now finished our disquisition, and our collation is here. Our Sandwiches are of tongue, our baked apples are the finest Kentish pippins, our jellies are hartshorn, our tarts are cranberries, and (taking off a cover) our cheesecakes are hot! What a treat!"

We bid the little party good evening, for they are now at supper.

EVENING THE TWENTY-NINTH.

'Think nought a trifle tho' it small appear;
Small sands make mountains, moments make the year.'

"I WAS anxious to be here before," said Edmund Denzel, as he entered the room where his sisters awaited his coming; for, although I always have pleasure in your company, I have flattered myself with so much entertainment, from the delightful stories Mrs. Mordant has promised us, that I thought the moments long, and the way wearysome. You are well, I hope, Madam; and you too, my dear sisters, all well I trust."

"Perfectly well, I believe, Sir; the ardency and liveliness of your manner and expressions gives me the assurance that I may gratulate you on being so.

" You are fond of tales, and indeed it is a natural propensity in youth. Young persons rather wish to hear of men and women, than of things, because the incidents picture and exemplify what they may see or experience themselves.

" Romantic tales, founded on real history, ought at all times to be avoided, since they have a vast tendency to lead the mind into error. Truths only should be detailed as history, however artfully a tale may be interwoven with it; the traits are then of character, and surely must be either entertaining or instructive, inasmuch as they may point out the road to happiness, or the shoals and quicksands where others were stranded, and induce us to steer our barks where there is, at least, a chance of safety.

" The first anecdote I shall give you is the punishment of a barbarous, licentious, dishonourable, and perfidious man, who wanted the tie of law to teach him the duty he owed to himself, his wife, and his children; for what a vile wretch must

that man be, who would seek to debase or disgrace his own offspring!

HISTORICAL FACT.

LICENTIOUSNESS AND FALSEHOOD PUNISHED.

"Lambay Island, in the neighbourhood of Dublin, was fortified until about the year 1728. Its last governor was a gentleman named Parker, called, from his paternal estate, Parker of Bantry. This governor had an only daughter, whose injuries, heroism, and insulted honour, may awe the unprincipled man into a sense of his own unworthiness, and make him blush for the degenerateness of his kind.

"Miss Parker of Bantry, daughter of the governor of Lambay Island, was most earnestly courted, in the year 1727, by Admiral Durelle, who was violently enamoured of her, and made the most honourable proposals to her father, who

approved of him as a husband for his daughter, and was hurt that she declined that gentleman's hand; and the more so, as she refused to assign any cause which might warrant such refusal. The fact was, she had clandestinely listened to the addresses of a young adventurer, who was a native of Cork, to whom she was aware her worthy father would have insuperable objections. But she felt that she loved him, and could not think of going to the altar with another.

"This lover, whom I shall call Conrood, was passionate and impatient; she met him frequently, when he sought, by every insidious blandishment, to subdue her virtue, for those meetings were of necessity always in private.

"Miss Parker was not to be won but by the appearance of perfect honour; she consulted her confessor, to whom she trusted the most treasured secrets of her heart; Conrood too confessed to father Zaccary: and by the entreaties of the one, and the concurrence of the other, she

was prevailed upon to marry without the knowledge of her father—that dear and only parent who doted on her, and certainly might have been won to consent to her wishes. Let no young woman fly to the arms of a man who persuades her to deceive her father; she will eventually find him a villain. I am sorry to use such a word; but vile actions require the strongest language of indignant detestation; and I again give it as my decided opinion, that the woman who wantonly deceives an indulgent parent, will as wantonly deceive an affectionate husband.

"Miss Parker had sufficient reason to fear her father's refusal; a thought that bereaved her of all the hopes an insidious flatterer had taught her to cherish. He was of a different religious persuasion; he had neither birth nor fortune; he had a fine person and irresistible eloquence; and had persuaded Miss Parker that he would not outlive the loss of that favourable hope with which she had in-

cautiously inspired him. She yielded to his wishes against her better judgment, and consented to a private marriage. From this fatal moment felicity was flown: her honoured father had only her averted eye; for how could she look in the face of that dear indulgent parent she was hourly deceiving? Conrood stole to her in the still hour of night; he shared her bed and her purse, and had beside her entire love and confidence. He, however, very shortly grew dissatisfied, and reproved her pride, that she had not divulged her marriage, and called upon her father's bounty or countenance for his better provision. Her gentle remonstrances were of no avail. He one night either was, or affected to be, angry; he left her, and came no more. She was in the way to become a mother; her husband had been, and still was, all the world to her: she had wanted no tattling confidant, no neighbouring gossip; she met her Conrood; she exchanged for his, as she imagined, the fullest and purest

emanations and secrets of her inmost soul: he was her husband, with him she had no want, no wish ungratified. In his absence she sickened, and became pale and pensive; but, alas! anxiety and solicitude were soon relieved by despair, for Conrood now availed himself of the penal laws against popery, and had actually married, publicly, an innocent young woman, who had recently been left the heiress to a good fortune. The tale, though unwelcome, winged its way; it is told to Julia.—Is pity a compound in your nature? weep; if it be not, I pity thee. Poor Julia!—She pressed her hand on her throbbing bosom, and recollected her unborn babe: 'To whom may I complain?' said she; 'to whom but him that I trusted!' Her heart meditated strange things.—'Conrood!' said she, 'for thee I was in love with life; thou hast deceived me, and I will, for once, dissemble with thee.' She instantly wrote him the following letter:

'*My Conrood! my dear Husband!*

'Thou hast now the appointment of my father; fly to me, therefore, this evening at eleven; on the ground behind the fort. I will explain all the particulars then. This instance of my love I have added to others, to prove that I love thee better than I do my father. Do not fail to come. My love, I am, and ever will be, your most faithful and affectionate wife,

JULIA.'

"He came; he met her with the libertine air of a Lothario: she upbraided him with his perfidy, and presented him with a pistol, to stand the charge of insulted love and honour. 'Look on me, Conrood!' said she, 'as the representative of my father; when he discovers thy villainy, thou must face him; I am a part of him, his second self; he has no son to assert his honour; I am the sole representative of Parker of Bantry: his honour, never before impeached, is wounded in

me.' She presented the pistol; Conrood turned from it. 'How have I been deceived!' continued Julia; 'I neither doubted thy love, thy honour, nor thy courage; but well mayst thou fear death, pitiable, base, unworthy, dishonourable man!'—'Julia! hear me!'—'What canst thou say, apostate? Am I not thy wife? thy wife, by every tie congenial to my soul; by the tie of my holy religion, the religion I was born and bred in; I imbibed it with my dear departed mother's nurturing milk. I shall shortly become the mother of thy infant, Conrood! So, if I live, I shall breed up my child; it is the faith of my fathers, and I deem it holy. My confessor, the pious father Zaccary united me to thee. O! how didst thou swear!—Conrood! Conrood!' She burst into tears—he threw his arms around her—'My lovely Julia!'—'Villain!' said the lady, 'unhand me! make choice of the pistols. I stand here to pay, or to redeem, the forfeit of injured honour.' He snatched

one of the pistols, and threw it indignantly and contemptuously from him. 'My Julia, my love, I married merely from interested motives; I love you—lead me to our chamber, I will there convince you that you are the sole possessor of my heart, and the treasury of all my joys.'—'Wretch!' said the dishonoured lady, 'and thinkest thou to live to triumph over the fallen Julia Parker, and the unspotted honour of her father's house?—This to thy heart!'——He falls! he is convulsed—he gazes on her, but he speaks no more!——Julia hung over him: 'O! Conrood! Conrood! what would I not have endured with and for thee! beggary, tortures, and death, I had borne with patience; but thou soughtest to make my portion dishonour; with that dower life is not worth possessing.'

"Julia Parker immediately surrendered herself, and was imprisoned; but, by the interest of her father, was suffered to escape, and was living in Scotland, in the year 1788, an exile, now only remember-

ed for her misfortunes. In what did they originate? In deceiving an indulgent father!

"What an awful lesson does this story convey! Conrood is punished for his barbarous perfidy with instantaneous death:

'Cut off, e'en in the very blossom of his sin;
No reck'ning made; but sent to his account,
With all his imperfections on his head.'

"Julia lingers out a wretched existence, unsoothed by love or friendship; her hands encrimsoned with blood, her conscience loaded with guilt. All this she might have prevented, by modestly confessing her partiality for Conrood, when she was pressed to become the wife of Durelle. That man's prospects are miserable ones, be he who he may, that marries a woman with an alienated heart."

"Thank you, Madam," said Miss Denzel; "what a melancholy tale! We

hoped you would have indulged us with a laugh this evening."

"It is not too late, my dear; and I will give you an original story in verse, which I think rather laughable: it has humour, at least; and the characters are such as may still be found in every district, by a person of the smallest observation. It evinces a powerful truth, that weak and uneducated persons still have their thoughts at home. I once heard a man ask, 'If the suns hone as brightly in foreign parts as it did at Gloucester!'

> 'Has Britain all the sun that shines?
> There's living out of Britain.' IMOGEN.

"Permit me to ask you a question, Madam," said the Etonian.

"Certainly, Sir; I beg you will never hesitate in that respect."

"I have somewhere read, that Edward the Fourth, and his brothers, saw three

suns at the battle of Mortimer Cross. Surely that cannot be true."

"Undoubtedly not, Sir: if each counted the sun he individually saw, and thus, by a species of false wit, sought to detail a falsehood, to create wonder in the vulgar, and by that means render themselves objects of more celebrity and importance, the device had probably its effect. Or, it is not unlikely that the sun might immerge three separate times from behind different clouds, and this appearance the princes might denominate three suns, especially if it augured any thing in their favour; for the age was still very dark, and miracle, mystery, and imposture, were the order of the day."

"Thank you, Madam; you will now please to favour us with the story in verse."

"Certainly, Sir. Since it was composed, a gentleman of very superior talents suggested the idea of a second part, but the author now deems the tale

her own; and, such as it is, submits it to this party and her young friends in general:

THE

MILLER'S JOURNEY TO OXFORD,

A TALE TWO WAYS TOLD;

OR, VARIOUS MEN OF VARIOUS MINDS.

"A miller there was—'twas a great while ago,
Had a mill, and a wife, and a son they call'd Joe,
So learn'd and expert, in both Latin and Greek,
That he spoke it extempore as little pigs squeak *.

"This lad was at Oxford, in College so high,
That an outlandish Lord, as he travelled that way,
Express'd a desire to talk with the youth,
Whose practice was virtue, whose motto was truth.

"The miller was whistling the tune the Mill Goes,
When a neighbour came in with the wonderful news.
—'Bring my Sunday cravat, and my doublet and hose,'
Quoth the miller, and threw off his work-a-day clothes.

---

* Hudibras had the same qualification; and for Latin

'——— 'twas no more difficile
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.'

"'Dear Molly,' said he, 'I to Oxford must go,
For this voreigner's thinking to laugh at our Joe;
But I'll tell him that my oaken cudgel's no switch,
And if saucy, I'll tip him a kick in the ——.'

"So he mounted old Trot, and to Oxford he came,
Inquir'd for the Doctors, and sent in his name.
Admitted, he stopp'd the whole conf'rence at once,
And leer'd as the learned oft leer at a dunce.

"'Excuse me, your Worships, I mean no offence,
I boast little learning, but some common sense;
If the little I have you'll allow me to shew,
I'll talk with his Lordship instead of my Joe.'

"The miller's son blush'd, but he honour'd his sire,
And he plac'd the arm-chair still nearer the fire,
Saying 'By an interpreter, Sir, would you speak,
For my Lord has no English, and you have no Greek.'

"'Interpreter, son, that we don't understand,
Play either side booty they've still cash in hand;
By signs I'll converse, and their Worships shall know,
That your father's no Ninny, no more than his Joe.'

"The miller's eccentric manners explain'd,
Politely the stranger his feelings restrain'd;
And bowing accordance, an apple he took,
And gaz'd all around with significant look.

" The miller now open'd a fold in his vest,
And producing a crust, laid his hand on his breast;
They gaz'd on each other—the pause was profound—
And a whisper of wonder vibrated around.

" One finger the stranger expressively rais'd,
The miller rais'd two, and the audience gaz'd;
But when three were extended old dad clos'd his fist,
'Twas an argument few men had dar'd to resist.

" So they bow'd all around, and all saunter'd away,
And on what they convers'd each had something to say;
They question'd my Lord what he thought of old Bran,
When he nam'd him 'a moral, intelligent man.'

" 'Indeed!—pray on what did your Lordship converse?'
'On the apple, mankind's illegitimate curse.
He assented, producing the bread that sustains
The life we preserve with such study and pains.

" I pointed one finger, the Power Supreme!
He two, and I wanted no words for his theme;
Then three I return'd figurative of one,
When he clos'd up his hand, and our converse was done.'

"The miller return'd to the arms of his wife.—
'Well, Molly! I've been this long journey, my life—
And I've learnt all the larning the Frenchman could
shew,
And what's better than all, I delighted poor Joe.

"For I talk'd in dumb-shew with the outlandish man;
And Joe made me do it all over again,
At his chamber, when there was nobody beside,
And Joe was so pleas'd, that he laugh'd till he cried.

"For he ax'd me, what all we had done was about?
And you want to know it too, love, without doubt;
But Joe never had heard, till I told the dear boy,
That a blow from the mill-flap had cost me an eye.

"But that spectacled Frenchman discover'd it soon;
Without glasses, I see there's a face in the moon,
And know, like my neighbours, to count two and two,
And so with a whistle I told it our Joe.'

"'Dear husband, do tell what the voreigner said;
For the like of a tune, it has run in my head;
Did you tell of our mill what a nice un it be?
Of my golden-edg'd tea-cups, and all about me?

"How often you promis'd to keep me a pad;
But that Joe spends the money, O, bless the dear lad!
And that I ha' got damask and *pauduasoy* too,
And a silk capuchin, just as handsome as new.'

"'Why no, my dear wife, I can't say that I did;
For we talk'd in dumb-shew about all that we said.
He shew'd me a pippin, 'twas meant very ill,
For it ax'd me, if ours was a cyder-press mill.

"But the crust of my nunchion being rather too hard,
I'd sav'd it to give the poor birds in the yard;
So I drew out the morsel, and sure my look said,
That our mill ground pure wheat for the very best
bread.

"Then he lifted a finger, to tell me that I
(No news to myself sure) had got but one eye;
I lifted two fingers, for he had got two,
There's but three, then, he pointed, betwixt I and
you.

"When I clos'd my old fist; but he'd done—the
fine spark!
Or mayhap he'd ha' grop'd his way home in the
dark.'
So said the old miller, and so ends my tale—
It has moral, for nature and truth will prevail."

"That is admirable, Madam," said the young gentleman; "I shall learn it with your leave: what a comical old fellow

the miller was; I dare say his son wished him further."

"His son does not betray any such feeling. He behaves with the greatest discretion and propriety; proofs that the fame of his wisdom was not unfounded. His conduct to his father is truly exemplary, and worthy the imitation of all who wish to be thought dutiful children.

"I will tell you a circumstance within my own knowledge, that will exhibit a young man in a very amiable point of view; but I must first describe to you the Island of Madagascar. It is, I believe, the most extensive of the African isles. The sea, as I have been told by those who have witnessed its tumult, rolls with extreme rapidity between it and the continent of the Cape of Good Hope; but through this passage all European ships generally pass in their voyage to and from India, and sometimes, but very rarely, send off boats, on excursions of curiosity or adventure, to land on Madagascar. On one of these excursions a

party once went, among whom was Captain Breedon, and his son, a youth of thirteen. They had taken a fishing-net and tackle with them, in hope of bringing back fish; and in following a creek, which they strove to explore, they were lost to their party, and eventually left by their unfeeling comrades. They discovered their error when it was too late; and rambling up the country, found the natives, and threw themselves on their mercy.

"Young Breedon had a mechanical genius; he had been taught by his mother to net purses; on board, he had learnt of one of the seamen to weave mats, in which he grew in a short time to be uncommonly expert. He now exerted himself in making nets and mats for the savage tribe. He wove a handful of wild flags in an instant before their eyes, and was an object of admiration. He had brought his flute with him, and although he played but rudely, the tunes

he knew being new to them, they looked on him as a being half inspired, or something superior to the common race of humanity. This exemplary boy never ceased to exert himself: he made nets for the savage tribes, as also mats incessantly; or, when they chose to be merry, played on the flute for their entertainment: with his nets they caught fish, on his mats they reposed, and with his music they regaled themselves. From these united powers he obtained every thing needful to sustain life; but his aged father was half heart-broken by sorrow, and now sickened almost in despair. In a habitation they had formed under the covert of a thicket, the youth cherished and sustained his parent, carrying thither all he could obtain, either by ingenuity, courtesy, or labour.

"At the end of four years, they were providentially taken off the island, and arrived in safety at Spithead. During all that time the lad, who had been tenderly

bred by a fond mother, wholly declined those habits of indolence and ease to which he had been accustomed, and submitted to laborious employment, and every hardship, to sustain his grief-worn father, who became infirm, and unequal to any effort or exertion. A settled melancholy had taken possession of him, which, at length, assumed a sort of childishness bordering on imbecility—the most degraded situation in which we can behold a being so eminently endowed as man. The son (surely an exemplary one) obtained, after much application and trouble, a commission in the marines, from which corps his father had retired; and, until death deprived him of his parent, he applied himself sedulously to foster and cherish him.

" The elder Captain Breedon lived to experience a thousand filial attentions, of which the privation of manly reason had rendered him insensible.

" Captain Joseph Breedon, on ac-

count of whose sufferings, while on the Island Madagascar, and subsequent praise-worthy conduct, I have detailed these particulars, died about ten years since. He was a truly good man.—Adieu for this evening."

EVENING THE THIRTIETH.

"THE conduct of children towards their parents," continued Mrs. Mordant, "had last evening a very considerable portion of our attention; it is ever worthy of remark and applause when exemplary, and of severe animadversion when otherwise.

"It is now, I think, about twenty-eight years since Major John Andre, adjutant-general of the British forces in America, suffered death, for being found as a spy within the American lines.

"The gallant conduct of that young soldier received an additional lustre from the manner in which he addressed Sir Henry Clinton, K. B. on the day previous to his execution. There was, I

think, only nine days intervention between the day of his being taken and that which terminated his life. The letter to Sir Henry Clinton seems to be addressed to that general, solely on the account of Major Andre's mother and sisters; self-consideration, although in the awful hour of death, has no place in his mind. I refer to the annals of the day for that composition, which, in my opinion, is such a one as few men would have been able to write under similar circumstances. And, to shew you how collected he must have been, and surely nothing implies more fortitude than self-possession, I shall transcribe, for your perusal, the letter he wrote to General Washington, on the evening of the first of September 1780. Andre knew he was to suffer next day, at twelve at noon. The annals of historic truth produce but few instances of equal magnanimity; the man, the gentleman, and the soldier, speak in it: the hero stands confessed.

MAJOR JOHN ANDRE'S

LAST LETTER TO THE AMERICAN GENERAL WASHINGTON.

Tappan, September 1st, 1780.

SIR,

'Buoyed above the terror of death, by the consciousness of a life devoted to honourable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your Excellency, at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected.

'Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your Excellency, and a military tribunal, to adopt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honour.

'Let me hope, Sir, that, if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me; if aught in my misfortunes marks me as a victim of policy and not of resentment; I shall experience the

operation of those feelings in your breast, by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet.

I have the honour to be,
Your Excellency's most obedient
and most humble Servant,
JOHN ANDRE,
Adjutant-general to the British forces.'

" Many tears have been shed as the tribute of Andre, many still are his due. How I abominate that barbarous policy his inimitable letter sought to deprecate. And here I must add, that the summary proceedings of all courts-martial are as dissonant to the feelings of humanity, as their debasing modes of punishment. Naval jurisprudence is inimical to the reason and justice with which all other law in Great Britain is administered. It is dangerous and highly impolitic to invest an individual with too much power. It is my opinion, that the captain of a ship of war ought not to be sole judge of any cause. He certainly ought to con-

sult with two or three of his officers, before he stripped and degraded any man by ignominious punishment. Our seamen and our marines are the bulwark of our Isle; towards them, and all men, we should assuredly be taught to temper our justice with mercy. There is never necessity for immediate punishment; were the offender to be put in irons for one hour only, it is probable a passionate officer might, in that time, cool his heated imagination, and correct his own judgment. If not, let him convene two of his officers to the drum-head on the quarter deck. If the offender be a marine, the chief officer of marines has certainly an undoubted right to be one of them. Our brave fellows would then have a moment for recollection, and nine times out of ten would probably vindicate themselves. I hope few men are naturally cruel, but that some are so we have the fullest proofs. The great Legislator of the children of Israel will only allow that forty stripes may be given to the

most heinous offender. The sentences of our courts-martial are many of them terrific to humanity. That of flogging a man round a fleet is a disgrace to a civilized nation. No crime can ever warrant its sentence, much less its execution. It is derogatory to the law of God (Deuteronomy, Chapter the 25th), and degrading to the dignity of man.

" We ought to awaken, by every incitement in our power, the attention of our guardians, the legislative protectors of our rights and liberties, to every object that may induce to ameliorate the sufferings of man. Officers possessing unlimited power, like the pedagogues of some schools, are frequently as unjust as they are barbarous and licentious. ' A governor,' says Rousseau ; ' what greatness of soul ought that man to possess who fills that character !'

" I have no doubt but you will find the book, entitled The Whole Duty of Man, in your father's library, Sir," said Mrs. Mordant, addressing herself to the

Etonian; "if so, at your leisure turn to page 213, you will there find some excellent remarks and comments upon this subject. My edition is 1655.

"'Men,' says the immortal Fenelon, 'may be led without constraint, or reluctance, by good treatment and good order. Authority alone will never do; nor is a base submission sufficient. Men's hearts must be won, and they must be made to find their account in a cheerful compliance, whenever their service is wanted."

"I assure you, Madam," rejoined young Mr. Denzel, "I perfectly accord with all you say; I detest cruelty and oppression of all kinds. But you promised us some droll stories; do, pray, indulge us."

"Droll stories, Sir; did I say droll ones? I have no objection to an innocent laugh; but I have not yet detailed all my real facts, which I had flattered myself you might find entertaining. I will tell you a singular catastrophe,

which took place in France, a very few years since, on account of juvenile indiscretion; it is told by all the French journalists of the year 1804. It will not occupy much of our time, and I think it inculcates an excellent lesson:

JUVENILE INDISCRETION.

"Tauvernay, the chief officer of battalion in the detachment that arrived at Paris from the French settlement of St. Domingo, in the year 1804, had been only absent about eighteen months; and, previous to his departure, he had betrothed himself to Mademoiselle Louisa de Vernois, a young lady of the most faultless manners and great beauty. On his return, he had still the happiness to find her unchanged; his heart overflowed with gratitude; his Louisa was still faithful, still lovely; she received him with transport, restrained by modesty. She

blushed for the self-betraying sentiments she had shewn at the sight of him, and shed the tear of joy that she still saw him.

"Tauvernay was enchanted; he was ever at the feet of his beloved mistress, to name the day of their marriage, and Mademoiselle de Vernois had fixed on that day fortnight.

"Tauvernay now looked upon her as his own: how light were his footsteps; how lively were his hopes! Ten days had transpired; the wished-for morning was fast approaching; surely it was not now possible to interrupt his happiness! Louis de Tauvernay, and Louisa de Vernois, were already one; for they had but one soul, each thought in accordance with the other. The Sunday following was to be the happy day. Mademoiselle de Tauvernay was now apprized of it, and desired to be bride's maid to Louisa.

"Mademoiselle de Tauvernay delighted in a frolic, in those sorts of pranks

which in England are denominated funny:

> 'I meant no harm, indeed!—
> But I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
> And kill'd my brother!'

"'My dear Louis!' said Mademoiselle, 'you are duped, you are the most imposed on of any man in the world. You don't know Louisa de Vernois.'

"'Not know my Louisa!' His eye beamed with self exultation, and he looked on his sister with contempt. On which she determined to mortify him a little further, and assuming a still more severe look, said—'My dear brother, I am truly sorry to see you so much infatuated. You have only to come tomorrow into the Bois de Boulogne, not far from the Bagatelle, about five o'clock in the afternoon, and you will then find Mademoiselle Louisa de Vernois, your pretty mistress, walking with the com-

panion who has been the solace of her private hours ever since you have been abroad.'

" 'A man!' said Tauvernay.

" 'Ah! you'll see, Sir,' said the lady.

" Poor de Tauvernay! Jealousy in a moment took possession of his breast; and, by the next evening, he had agitated himself into a fever, and, with an anxiety little short of madness, he arrived at the fatal spot: almost on the instant he saw his mistress, not only arm in arm with a very elegant looking young man, but caressing him in a manner more playful and familiar than ever she had deigned to exercise towards himself. His bosom was in flames; he felt all the agonies of love, disappointment, and despair. He concealed himself but for a few moments, when, rushing forward, he shot his sister dead! The fatal ball also wounded the neck of Mademoiselle de Vernois, for they were closely whispering and laughing at the pleasure they should enjoy in punishing poor

Tauvernay for his unjust jealousy. He, hapless young man! was convinced of his error the moment his sister fell; she shrieked, he knew her voice. 'My Augustine! my sister! My Louisa too! Mademoiselle de Vernois!' Louisa had fainted, and Augustine was no more! Tauvernay instantly drew his sword and fell on its point! He spoke but a few words, and expired.

"Mademoiselle de Vernois, the innocent victim of her Augustine's inconsiderate frolic, lived but to adorn the graves of her lover and her friend. Her wound was healed, but her heart was still bleeding. She died, calling on de Tauvernay, and was buried in the same grave. All were the victims of Juvenile Indiscretion.

"Colonel Louis de Tauvernay was only twenty-seven years of age; his sister, Mademoiselle de Tauvernay, only twenty; and Mademoiselle Louisa de Vernois only nineteen."

"What a shocking tragedy, Madam," said Miss Denzel. "Really that story is

enough to make one give up joking. Poor Tauvernay! he was too passionate: I don't wonder at the young lady's dying broken-hearted; she seems to have been very amiable, and we cannot help regretting her unhappy fate"

"I perfectly agree with you, my dear," replied Mrs. Mordant; "the manners of the carnival, which are frequently very licentious, had corrupted the ideas of Miss Tauvernay, or she would not so readily have habited or assorted herself with the semblance of a man; which is always very unseemly, and in private life has no excuse."

"I am sure a man in the dress of a woman is the most hateful sight in nature to me, and so I should think a woman in man's apparel must be to her own sex," said the young gentleman; "but we will have done with the subject for the present, Madam, for you recollect the afterpiece to this serious tale was to be something merry."

"Mirth, when innocent, Sir, is the

solace of the soul. 'I look on cheerfulness as virtue's health,' says Dr. Young, to whose writings, however, I do not recommend you for the present; he will teach you to complain affectedly, and I know of no companion, unless it be a licentious one, so disagreeable as one that is affectedly querimonious. The philosopher that can be cheerful amidst the most poignant and unmerited misfortunes, must surely have an innocent heart; or, shall I say, an unspotted conscience; which, perhaps, better expresses my meaning; this is placid virtue: but when, under temptations, seductive to the soul, the hero or heroine can still submit patiently to suffer, repelling the inroads that an accomplished seducer makes with steady disdain, how may we designate, what may we name, that more than magnanimous being? Behold a woman dip her crust in water, and smile contemptuously on the insidious arts of her seducer: look on that glorious man, who patiently submits to expire

on the rack, rather than betray his friend. These are the characteristics of virtue in the sexes; but women have signalized themselves in both. The courtezan who bit out her tongue, lest it should betray the secrets with which she had been intrusted, we need not doubt, was seduced ere she knew the proper sense of honour: happy are those who are intrusted to know it; and what a soul is that, what a debased soul is that which refuses to drink at the fountain whence it might acquire knowledge!

"I shall now, my dears, proceed to the tale. When I tell you it is mine, you will wonder to find me so familiar with the manners of grooms and insignificants; but one in the habit of observing lets nothing escape.

"If, in my allusion to the Imp in the Minstrel, you think I mean offence, I previously beg to correct you; since I have been among the first to bear testimony to the merits of that truly divine poem; for this vale-clouded scene nothing

can be more perfect; its vulnerable part alone, like the heel of Achilles, proves it of earthly origin.

"For the Bagatelle that follows, it is meant as a satire on presumptuous ignorance; but has nothing personal, much less derogatory to the most immaculate morals. You may take it with you to Eton; some of your long-heads, who have outstripped their fellows, and are on tiptoe for a bachelorship at King's college, Cambridge, will perhaps rather grudgingly deign it a sort of supercilious smile; but those gentlemen will laugh when they grow older, and of consequence a little wiser."

"You certainly have a little prejudice against the Etonians, Madam."

"Pardon me, Sir; I knew a young gentleman, who was bred at Winchester; you are, in my estimation, his equal and compeer: and, when I say this, you may rest assured of my entire favour and approbation. They arrogate much, to which they are not entitled."

"Pray favour us with the tale, dear Madam."

"It follows:

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER,

OR

THE REWARD OF HONESTY,

A TALE.

"Not long ago there liv'd, 'tis true indeed,
One Thomas Simmons, who could write and read;
He'd been at sea, and there he lost a leg,
And found that he must now keep school or beg;
He chose the former, and upon the road,
Not far from Dover, found a snug abode,
And getting one John Daub, the painter's man,
To do his board, he wrote; and thus it ran:

"'I, Thomas Simmons, teaches reading, writing,
Grammar, and spelling, figuring and enditing;
I teaches folks as never read before,
To read quite well, in one short month or more;
Them that *is* old, had better lose no time,
It isn't always men *is* in their prime;
Them, turned of sixty, that did never look
In their whole lives in nothing like a book;
In *one* three months, the truth you may rely on,
May learn to read as well as any parson.

So, neighbours all, I begs you *vont* despair,
I always charges cheap, and never dear.
The school begins at eight, again at one;
Lessons in private *'gin* to folks alone.
The boys and girls are *sot* in diff'rent places,
All back to back, that they mayn't see their faces.
Each morn, from six till eight old folks may come,
Or in the evening, I am still at home.
But I teaches all the gentry, and their *sposes*,
And folks o' th' better sort, at their own houses.'

" Simmons had bills too; round the village ran
The wondrous wisdom of the travell'd man;
And, late on Eve's last week, old Gubbins came,
From village pot-house to his drowsy dame,
When Mister Simmons was the good man's theme,
Till dame had sunk into a midnight dream.
With the next morning he resumed his tale,
In praise of learning, and the Chequers' ale,
And said, ' I've been for sixty years a fool,
But I'm determin'd now to go to School.'

" Hope, ever young, and fancy on the wing,
Still, as we rove, some prospect joys to bring
To cheer the irksome rugged wearying way,
Some somb'rous shadow veils the prize to day,
Some good, still sought, the latent sense espies,
Man wooes the flattering vision till he dies.

"'When I have learnt to read, dear Bet!' said he,
'All the whole place will *ax* my company;
I'll get the newspaper, and tell them all,
'Bout Dover and the Pier, the World, and all.'
Behold him now! he has gain'd the coppice wood;
'Never too late, to think of doing good'—
(In long soliloquy his thoughts he told,
The way was rugged, and the man was old)—
'I call to mind, I've heard my mother say,
A man must throw himself in fortune's way.'
Just then he stumbled, full at length he lay.
A small portmanteau, half obscur'd by dust,
Prov'd the old father's aphorism just.
He rose but little hurt, and rubb'd his eyes,
'Hah! ah!—what have we here? adod!' he cries,
'I crept on slowly, but I'll home the faster,
For I can read this here without a master.'
Homeward he trudg'd; no imp his footsteps cross'd,
Nor heard he once the cry of 'Lost! lost!! lost!!'
'Bet, love, I've found a thing; 'tis made of leather,
And strapp'd about to keep out dust and weather.
Don't say a word; I shan't to school to-day;
There's time enough; next week mayhap I may.
I'll go and hear what all the neighbours say.
'Tis ours, you know, if there's no hue and cry;
We'll have a rummage at it by and by.'
Forth went old John; no sooner on the road,
Than cross his path a blust'ring lackey rode.
'Hey, Gaffer Spavin!' said the saucy groom,
'Where do you breakfast when you feed at home?

And what's your errand out so soon? I pray;
Some find *portmantles* bobb'ling this here way.
Have you fell foul on't? There's a fine reward,
For, by my nose! the owner is a lord!
'Twill buy new saddle, and new stirrups too;
Your boots, I see, are spick and span bran-new.
Ten guineas I'm to give.'—'Are you, good sooth!'
The inquirer whistled, 'What do you say? good sooth!
Good beef and pudding! can you speak the truth?'
'Why, early as I went to school,' said Dad—
'To school!' said Whipthong, 'this old fellow's mad!
To school! ha! ha!—why you old wrizled dunce,
To school! you numbskull!—Adam went there once;
To school! my spurs!—I wish my lord was here,
To school!—Is there a birch-tree growing near?
To school!—why blockhead! that's so long ago,
I question if you knows the crisscross-row.'
'Why no;' said Dad, 'I don't know if I do,
Yet I'm as knowing, I believe, as you.'
'Why yes! you're looking it!—a knowing blade!
Ha! ha!' said Whipthong—'Ha! ha! ha!' said Dad.
With sneer and grin each pointed at the other;
An ass bray'd loud, and Dad cried, 'There's your brother!'
'You're an old ———,' said th' opprobious groom;
'But for mere pity I'd horsewhip you home.'

'Who'll hold your horse? 'tis lucky you're astride;
When a beggar's mounted we know where he'll ride;
Keep the straight road.'—'Ha! ha! to school! to school!'
'Keep the straight road.'—'To school, poor doting fool!'
Toward Dover, hopeless, blundering Whipthong rode,
Old John, in quiet, sought his lone abode,
And having clos'd the door, 'Dear Bet,' said he,
'What this here thing contains I now shall see.'
Linen and gold was all its precious store;
Poor Betty wept to see the glitt'ring ore.
'Guineas to spend in France! dare say,' said John;
'I'll make free tho', my love, I give you one,
And keep the rest. How! why they're none of mine!
Till now, great God! I've kept thy laws divine!
And, in my age, shall I forsake them? No!
Betty, my love, we'll to his Lordship go.
Come, dress yourself in all your finery,
I'll do the like, and come along with me;
For, my dear Bet, there's nought like honesty.'
Away they trudg'd. My Lord embarking now,
Gave hardly time for John to make his bow;
However, soon his honest tale he told—
'Send me the linen then, and half the gold;
The rest is yours; yours too what wealth ne'er bought,
Unblemish'd truth, and rectitude of thought.

Here, porters, run! assist this worthy man;
Be here before we sail.' Away they ran.
'How now, my love!' Poor Bet had court'sied low,
But senseless on the beach they found her now;
In her warm heart the gentler virtues vied,
But gratitude had now outstripp'd the tide.
She sunk at once—'Why Bet! love, where be pegs?
Stands like a wattle that had lost its legs.'
John chaf'd her temples—'So! she's better now,
She shall have somewhat when we reach the Plough.'
Bet was recruited, hail'd the happy day,
And half the gold became their honest pay.
'Wilt go to school, John?'—'No;' old John replied,
He that has money has no want beside;
Flatt'ry, and food, and fashion, it supplies:
Yea! all but sense, and virtue, money buys.'

"Old John was right; the precious shining ore
Ne'er purchased those; like rocks on Albion's shore,
They dare unmov'd the still infuriate tide,
And hold in cold contempt all gauds beside."

"Thank you, dear Madam," said the Etonian; "I like this tale even better than the other. That fellow, the groom, is so like some of them that I have seen. But who would have thought of such an

old man as that was going to school that very morning?"

"The resemblance you find to the characters represented in the tale to those in real life, is one of the best compliments you can pay it. Tom Errand is a very strange creature when dressed in Beau Clinker's clothes. The tale teaches men to be honest, and the lessons of honesty cannot be too widely disseminated. There being no medium, no intermediate space between truth and falsehood, it is decidedly one or the other. Honesty is but another word for truth; the irradi ations of which are like the glory of the sun, as exemplified in the rainbow, and give lustre to what would otherwise be cold, dark, and cheerless."

"Did not Sir Ísaac Newton first discover how the rays were directed that form the rainbow, Madam?"

"No; the first discovery respecting refracted light, by which the rainbow is occasioned, was made, as I have somewhere read, by Antonio de Dominis,

archbishop of Spolato in Dalmatia, who wrote a treatise, to prove that the rays of the sun, refracted from the inner part of the drops of rain, formed those colours that appeared in the bow. He also illustrated the phænomenon, by filling a transparent glass with water, exposed to the rays of the sun, which exhibited a blue, a yellow, a violet, and other colours, according as the ball was lowered and the angles diminished. Thus was the knowledge of the rainbow's source first delineated to mankind. Newton probably received a hint from this theory, and practically illustrated it, by proofs of far greater magnitude. He had a genius that might be said to have extended its wings over the universe—'And God said, Let there be light!' when lo! the sun was created: from that moment the world has had irradiate day.

"Pope's epitaph on Newton is among the very worst of his compositions:

'Nature, and nature's laws, lay hid in night,
God said, Let Newton be! and all was light.'

Or thus:

> 'Nature, and all her works, lay hid in night,
> God said, Let Newton be!' &c.

" If brevity be, as it is said to be, the soul of wit, she certainly spread her light wings, and disdained to tarry here. To say that nature lay hid in night is plain unvarnished prose, slightly ungrammatical; or, if that be not admitted, certainly inelegant. Nature was not hidden; she dispensed her bounties, and was as apparent to our forefathers as to us; nay, probably, dispensed her favours with a yet more lavish hand. No poet has ever equalled Homer; and, as I have told you with tears, the fate of Galileo, how dare we say that he had a genius inferior to Newton!

" The second line in this epitaph is faulty in the extreme, inasmuch as it is so very inferior to the sublime expression of Moses, which it imitates.

" It is truly astonishing, that all the so much vaunted wit of that refined poetic

age in which Dryden lived to be succeeded by Pope, could produce no better lines than the two that follow, as the epitaph of the greatest poet England had then produced, which were, however, very deservedly rejected:

'This Sheffield rais'd—the sacred dust below
Was Dryden once:—the rest, who does not know?'

"Who does not know the rest of what?

"I was reminded of this epitaph by a verse I read on a barber's sign in Ireland; the lines were written over a daubing, which represented a bason of soap-suds, with two or three razors hung over it, in the air, as if they were supported, as Mahomet's coffin is said to be, by the magnet: the design and the poetry were in unison; and to incite a smile, the verse or verses I will now present you:

'Here lives Mac Gill—beards that on chins did grow
Are clean shav'd off, and in the suds below.'

For one good penny he shaves folks as come;
For two-pence he does go a mile from home.'

"Mr. Mac Gill was certainly a plagiarist from Sheffield, duke of Buckingham.

"Pope's epitaphs, with due deference I speak, have however been already so severely criticised by Dr. Johnson, that to defend them would be the work of good-nature; but the fact is, Pope was poor in praise. His satire has much sterling ore, mixed up with dross and dirt. His eulogy is seldom perfect: when I say perfect, I mean free from what is offensive.

"The epistle to the Earl of Oxford, then in disgrace, is the best. It is beautiful, poetic, and just. Fastidiousness might dispute respecting the twenty-fourth line.

'Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,'

hangs heavily on my ear; and if it has the usual melody of Pope, my sense is defective.

"Pope includes himself in the good things of the world, which nature or fortune has bestowed on his mistress, Miss Martha Blount:

'Left dress for duchesses—the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good humour, and a Poet.'

"There are few poems that bear the lash of an ill-natured critic; there is no beauty so perfect, but a rival beauty will arraign her features; and, I am sorry to say, candid criticism is seldom exercised towards either. The dead are praised without rhyme or reason; the living are condemned by the same standard."

"Critics cannot satirize what is really excellent, Madam," said the Etonian.

"I ask your pardon, Sir; do me the favour to select some poetic passage against to-morrow evening, that you deem particularly brilliant and beautiful, and I will see what ill-natured things I can say of it.—Good night.—You can take copies of the tales."

EVENING THE THIRTY-FIRST.

"MADAM," said Mr. Denzel junior, "according to your command, I have looked over two or three authors, and have at length selected Addison's beautiful address to Liberty."

"Repeat it, if you please, Sir," rejoined Mrs. Mordant. The young gentleman repeated:

'O Liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight;
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train.
Eas'd of her load, subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.'

"Don't you think the lines delightful, Madam?" said the Etonian.

"Some of the lines are good, Sir, considered abstractedly," said Mrs. Mordant; but a severe critic would find much to condemn."

"Indeed, Madam! will you please to point out the faults to me; for I cannot see them."

"As a mere exercise for your judgment and penetration hereafter I will, Sir. Transpose the words of the first high-sounding line, and you will find they mean nothing:

'O Liberty! thou heavenly bright goddess!'

Tell me, as it stands now, what idea do you connect with this exclamation? Substitute any person's name for Liberty, does it not look like nonsense then? The five next lines are certainly just and harmonious, if they were not relatively connected. I must speak of them, presently, more in point; at the moment, let it suffice for me to say, that to talk of subjection where all is liberty, or of poverty where

plenty leads her wanton train, is almost as bad as the

> 'Painted vest Prince Voltiger had on,
> Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.'

"But to return to the fifth and sixth lines. I do not wish to denominate them absurd; but certainly there can be no subjection where all is liberty, or poverty where plenty leads her wanton train. The seventh line wants harmony; and is beside an implied satire on the Almighty's works—

> 'The gloomy face of nature!'

The eighth line is mere rant, and, like a wounded snail, 'draws its slow length along:' and if we had once been told that eternal pleasures reigned in the presence of the goddess of liberty, as we were in the third line, it was surely needless tautology to tell us in the eighth that she gave pleasure to the day.

"Many poetic brilliants, Sir, were they thus examined, would be found to owe much to the celebrity of the lapidary, as they are merely split diamonds."

"O dear!" said Miss Denzel.

"Why do you exclaim, my dear? More might be said by captiousness or ill nature, nay, by a candid critic; the phrase 'profuse of bliss' precedes 'eternal pleasure;' and certainly the descriptions, if they be both admissible, are misplaced, since, by the least powerful expression being the subsequent one, we recognize an anti-climax, and the final phrase passes for nothing.

"Recollect that I have given you this critique on these very dazzling lines of your own selection, to give you a habit of reflection. In future, when you read a high-sounding stanza, examine it line by line; by this you will attain the sense of the author, if he has any, for rhyme is often destitute of that ingredient; and thus you will acquire a habit of writing correctly, and of judging for yourselves.

"Mr. Addison allows the ladies the use of gods and goddesses in their poetry, so we will now leave his 'goddess of liberty, heavenly bright,' to him.

"Genius is of no sex; it is the earthly emanation of what hereafter will be an immortalized spirit:

'The King of France, and forty thousand men,
Went up a hill, and then came down again;
He march'd his men around and cross the plain,
Reclimb'd the hill, nor climb'd the hill in vain;
For now he wheel'd his phalanx to the right,
The troops were fetlock deep, for it was night.
So now they sought the camp across the plain,
Fatigu'd, with mire begrim'd, and drench'd with drizzling rain.'

"There are hundreds, nay thousands, of persons in the world that write such high-sounding nonsense as this, and imagine themselves as great as Homer.

"The imagery of poetry is its soul; it has nothing common or literal in it: the specimen of verse just given may not be disputed; but verse is not poetry.

"There are men living of the most sublime genius in this art (I speak of my own countrymen), the fire of whose imaginations leads them to be riotous in the bowers of fancy, the sole error of whose beauty is luxuriance. In this they indulge, until, to use the words of one of them, we satiate 'embosomed on the softness of the rose.' The six stanzas, written on the lamented death of the late Douglas, duke of Hamilton, have been much estimated; and, if you please to hear Miss Maria, she shall read them, Sir; I think her powers have recently expanded. An elegant reader can never be too much estimated."

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

WHICH WERE PUBLISHED JAN. 1800,

On the Death of the Duke of HAMILTON.

By the AUTHOR *of these Volumes.*

" WHAT is that honour, which the wise esteem,
For which e'en virtue weeps and valour sighs?
Lo! all they ask, or great, or glorious deem,
In youthful Hamilton extended lies.

" Yet one, who read full well his fervid breast,
Snatches a wild wood wreath to strew his bier,
O'er which, perchance, affection's eye may rest,
While rapt attention stills the fruitless tear.

" Insatiate death!—amid thy wide domain,
Where myriads wait thy final dread decree,
Where palsied age, and penury, and pain,
Sigh for thine opiate draught to set them free;—

" Ah! why invade that sweet, that blissful bower,
Which lib'ral art delighted to adorn,
Where nature, smiling in her lavish hour,
Exclam'd in rapture—' Hamilton is born!'

"Say, 'mid that bower, where fancy sigh'd to dwell,
Did want or misery unheard complain?
Ah! no;—an age to come shall sighing tell,
'Twas there they ask'd, and never ask'd in vain.

"Ah! Douglas! Douglas! round thy tangled dells.
When time has swept this wild wood wreath away,
The peasant groupe to thee shall strike their shells,
And greet thy spirit 'mid the realms of day."

"Maria is indeed improved; but there is yet a fault; her voice falls and falters ere the sense of her author is given: this is unpardonable in an adult, and must be corrected by my little girl," said Mr. Denzel, patting the young lady on the shoulder. The stanzas have much merit; but their beauties will be lost on the generality of readers; for the great world of fashion, which has of itself no opinion, its nonsense is, for the most part, more empty and contemptible than that of the canaille, inasmuch as with the former there is neither variety nor humour. An inflated puff or two appears in some ve-

nal print, setting forth the merits of a poem or a novel. Each asks the other if they have read it; the same questions and the same answers are banded backwards and forwards:--Prodigious! charming! and delightful!' are the unvarying answers. To own you had not perused it, would subject you to contempt—'Good heavens!' would be the exclamation—'every body reads it!—it is elegant!—it is past conception!' Ask either of these eloquent and sapient speakers what it was about? they would be as much at a loss as a mariner without a compass. This emptiness of character is delineated for your example. Once again, I charge you, read attentively and exercise your reason; it is the proudest privilege of your nature. Mrs. Mordant has told you so before."

"I find, Sir," said the Etonian, "I am indeed, at present, a very superficial reader, for beautiful as I deemed the passage I had chosen from Addison, I now, on reconsideration, find I cannot defend it."

"I should rather you would have endeavoured to exercise your talent to controvert my opinions, Sir," replied Mrs. Mordant.

"Do you deem them vulnerable, Madam?"

"That is left for you to say. The epithet, 'gloomy face of nature,' displeases me; and brings to my mind the Abbé Du Paty's description:—'—every thing,' says he, 'that the knowledge and love of beauteous nature can produce, at once to charm the eye, the imagination, and the heart—turf, earth, water, flowers, all the possible shades of verdure and dispositions of light—life, the offspring of happiness, on every branch, on every leaf, on every blade.'

"The work is displayed at large; but the artist is concealed. 'Being of Beings! I am, because Thou art!' There is no doubt, but to meditate continually on God is to elevate our thoughts to the Fountain of our existence. The most meritorious use of our reason is, to be annihi-

lated before him. Can we debase and level ourselves with aught beside that he has formed, while our reason dares aspire to commune with Him? There are such mortals—abject souls! it is their gloomy philosophy alone that renders them at all like the brute creation; it is in vain that they attempt to debase themselves. A proud consciousness of heart replies indignantly to their absurd doctrines, and the very abuse of their faculties demonstrates their excellence in spite of themselves. Let those who have told an untruth to their souls pause here, and cease to be the dupes of their own folly.

"The affected humility of most men and women is pride. Let it be the delight of your souls, my dear children, to assert your powers, and only to acknowledge their insignificance when overawed and overcome by the splendour of the Almighty. If Rousseau does not say something like this, I am mistaken."

"When you apostrophize, Madam, we

are always delighted," said young Mr. Denzel; " but you must not forget the tale."

" Were we to begin, we could not finish it this evening. I shall therefore state to you another fact, for which I make no apology. Every virtuous action merits distinguished mention; particularly when it is so signal as the one which follows:

IRISH HEROISM.

" In the month of February 1804, the Sovereign West Indiaman was lost off Bally Cotton: as the vessel sunk, the only boat on board was lifted out, into which upwards of thirty persons leaped; but scarcely had the boat got discharged from the ship, when she filled, and every soul that had ventured in her, one only excepted, was swallowed in the abyss.— Three gentlemen passengers, and four seamen, who were abaft, ran up the rigging of the mizzen, the only mast standing, and

disencumbered of their clothes, fastened themselves in the top, then only four feet above water. In this distressful situation the wreck was observed from Bally Cotton: when boats being urged, and encouraged to venture off, Dennis Flinn volunteered his services on this occasion; and, incited by his example, four others, whose names I have never been able to learn. These five brave fellows immediately put off: they struggled with the infuriate element three hours before they gained the wreck, which, although but a short league distant, lay directly to windward.

Such an effort as this, as I learn from expert seamen, is very rare on this part of our coast; and in the eyes of the spectators on shore was unexampled. The sea broke entirely over the boat, and her gallant little crew were frequently obliged to forsake the oar to heave out the water. Still they persevered; Flinn affirming he would save the men on the mast, or die

in the attempt. He did save them!—and four minutes afterward the mast went by the board.

"With what joy they gained the shore! with what exultation they landed!—Flinn carried his grateful receptives to his cot; cheered them with all his scanty store afforded; hailed the companions of his generous exertions; and, while he was thus employed, heard that his neighbours were accumulating treasure: for, perceiving the abatement of the storm, the numerous boats belonging to the village got under weigh, and carried off immense quantities of the valuable cargo with which the ship was laden, which was then floating in every direction. Those very chests and packages which Flinn and his brave companions had passed in their progress to the ship, negligent of wealth if it were to be obtained by the sacrifice of humanity, were towed on shore, and secreted, with the utmost avidity, that they might not be claimed by the poor

sufferers, then sheltered, clothed, and solaced, in the hospitable cottage of the magnanimous and generous Flinn.

"Lord Boyle instantly gave forty pounds for the relief of those saved from the wreck; and an account of the whole transaction was forwarded by his lordship to the Humane Society of London. I never heard what reward was deemed adequate to such distinguished merit."

"Merit, indeed, Madam!" said the Etonian: "I am proud to know that there are still men among us who vie with the heroes of antiquity. When I hear or read of such actions, I honour human nature."

"Your sentiments and mine, Sir, are perfectly in accordance; the virtuous admire on earth what approaches in perfection to their ideas of nature sublimed from the gross coverings of humanity: in this they conceive themselves allied to heaven.

"There is in the writings of the late Lord Orford an anecdote, which I will

now give you from memory.—It is of a hero who had no companion in his peril: this man was an Italian, worthy of the wreath with which ancient Rome dignified her worthies:

ITALIAN HEROISM.

"Some years since an excessive fall of snow, followed by an immediate and powerful thaw, so swelled the river Adige near Verona, that it swept away a bridge, all except the middle arch, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer; who, with his whole family, were in momentary danger of destruction. They were seen stretching forth their hands, and using gestures of the most earnest intreaty and humiliation, to implore assistance, while large fragments of this remaining ruin were every moment falling into the terrific flood.

"In this extremity, a nobleman, the Count Piuveriné, held out a purse of an hundred sequins, as a reward to any who would take a boat, and deliver this unhappy family: but the risk was so great, of being borne down by the rapidity of the current, or crushed to death by the falling fragments, that not one in the vast number of spectators had courage to attempt it.

"A peasant passing along was informed of the circumstance, and instantly jumping into a boat, he, by great exertion, gained the middle of the river, brought his little bark under the still mouldering ruin, crying out, 'Courage! courage! courage!' to the poor family, who descended to him, one by one, by means of a rope. He had scarcely got clear of the pile, ere it fell with a tremendous crash, and had nearly ingulphed the seven persons, he had delivered, with their brave deliverer. Suffice it to say, that, after infinite labour, he landed them in safety.—

'Brave fellow!' said the count, 'you merit the thanks of every benevolent heart; and here is the purse, your promised recompence.'

"'I did not risque my life, and rescue these poor people, for money, my Lord Count,' replied the man; 'give it to them—they have lost their all—I am sufficiently rewarded by knowing that I have done a courageous and generous action, and saved the lives of seven of my fellow-creatures.'

"The sensations the virtuous bosom feels, when we hear or read of actions like these, are the best applause we can give them. Your tears are the effusion of gratified sensibility; the moistened eye is the tribute of the heart. I have frequently regretted that Lord Orford did not favour us with this hero's name: we will call him the 'Noble Peasant.'

"I must call on you for a little entertainment. It would give me infinite

pleasure to hear Mr. Denzel repeat some interesting passage, or one he deems so."

"My father, Madam, has given me extracts from the prologue to a play called The Englishman at Bourdeaux, as it was spoken at Paris in the year 1763. I repeated that to Gustavus Vasa, of which he much approved, and instantly presented me with this. I have also a translation of part of the epilogue."

"I intreat you will favour us with it, Sir."—The Etonian proceeded:

EXTRACT

FROM THE PROLOGUE TO 'THE ENGLISHMAN AT BOURDEAUX,'

As it was spoken at Paris 1763.

' Too long, by some fatality misled,
From pride resulting, or from folly bred,
Each clime to all the virtues lays a claim,
And soars, self flatter'd, to the height of fame:
Confines each merit to itself alone,
Or thinks no other equal to its own.

E'en the pale Russian, shiv'ring as he lies,
Beneath the horror of the freezing skies,
While the loud tempests rattle round his head,
Or burst, all dreadful, on his tott'ring shed,
Hugs a soft something closely to his soul,
That soothes the cutting sharpness of the pole;
Elates his bosom with a conscious pride,
And smiles contempt on all the world beside.

'To-night we will that justice may be shown
To foreign virtue equal with our own.
Think! nobly think, when nature first was born,
And fair creation saw the dawning morn,
Where was distinction then? The little band,
'Fore whom proud nature spread, with lavish hand,
Her ever nurt'ring, overflowing store,
Were grateful for her gifts, and sought no more.

'Then scorn to give those partial feelings birth,
Which claim but one poor portion of the earth;
France sets th' example, Britons hear her call,
She bids you rise the citizens of all'."

"I thank you, Sir," said Mrs. Mordant; "liberality of sentiment, and brotherly love, is what I at all times wish to inculcate. If I am not mistaken, the epilogue to that play has equal merit;

for I think I have heard it: and I beg you will favour us with it, or with all of it that you think relevant to that spirit of benevolence which ought to characterize man to man."

TRANSLATION

OF A PART OF THE EPILOGUE TO 'THE ENGLISHMAN AT BOURDEAUX,'

As spoken at Paris in the Year 1763.

'It now remains to make a short essay,
And urge the moral lesson of the play.
In arts, long since, has Britain been renown'd;
In arms she's honour'd, and by letters crown'd.
The same great spirit, which so nobly sung
In Shakspere's strains, and honied o'er his tongue,
Their deathless Marlb'rough to his triumphs led,
And wreath'd eternal laurels round his head.

'But tho' the trump of never dying fame
Strikes heaven's high arches with the British name,
Tho' on the sons of Africa it glows,
Or pours a radiance on the Zemblian snows;

till there are faults in Britain to be found,
Which spring as freely as in common ground.
We are too gay, they frequently too sad;
We run stark wild, they melancholy mad.
Extremes of either reason may condemn,
And neither laugh with us, nor moan with them.
The human genius, every where the same,
Proclaims the Source Divine from whence it came'."

"Thank you, Sir; such are the sentiments of an ingenuous mind, assisted by reason and common sense. I shall contrast them by an anecdote, which is related by Thicknesse: I speak from recollection.

"Man ought to consider all others, of whatever nation or religion, as his brother man, and equally entitled to every friendly office.

THE ANECDOTE.

"A Scotchman, an Englishman, and a Frenchman, were driven on shore, in great distress, on the coast of Sussex,

nearly opposite to my cottage. I administered all the comforts I could afford; but I had no sooner cheered the hearts of my two countrymen, than they called me aside, and, in a whisper, informed me, 'the Frenchman did not belong to them.' I sought not to disguise my wounded feelings—'neither did they belong to me, and the poor Frenchman had as just a claim to my services as they had.'—'Now,' continues Mr. Thicknesse, 'what reason could these men have offered for wishing to see a stranger to the language of the land he was on, who had been just worn down with fatigue and fear, turned out of my house, because he did not belong to them?'—Miss Denzel, you have some very pretty lines, which I think perfectly in unison with the subject we are on, and accordant to the sentiments of the gentleman from whom I have just related some striking circumstances: I gave you the lines two or three days since; but if you cannot repeat, read them."

Miss Denzel read:

LINES TO SYMPATHY.

' The sordid bosom never knows
The blessings Sympathy bestows;
Nor shall it know the dear delight
It proves, when, from obtrusive sight,
Retir'd amid reflection's bow'r,
To Him it gives the secret pow'r,
To Him, 'neath whom the planets roll,
Who gave the means, who gave the soul,
Thus to dispense those gifts divine—
These joys, sweet Sympathy, are thine.'

" I shall learn those lines, with your leave, Madam," said Miss Sarah.

" I shall thank you, my dear; the habit of repeating verses will improve your ear, and tend to assist you in acquiring a graceful delivery.

" I have in my possession a prologue, which was spoken as far back as the year 1746, for the praise-worthy purpose of repairing Shakspere's tomb, at Stratford-upon Avon, written by the Reverend ——— Green. I believe you have never

either seen or heard of it; I shall therefore give it you. It was published in 1747. Mr. Denzel will favour us."

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

' To rouse the languid breast by strokes of art,
When listless indolence has nurs'd the heart,
In honour's cause her children to engage,
And with just satire lash a vicious age,
For this the Roman bards their scenes display'd,
And vice in all its odious garbs array'd;
For this, in Athens, theatres were rear'd,
Where guilt's dread foe in Sophocles appear'd.
Virtue he taught; all claim'd the sacred prize,
And even tyrants gaz'd with glist'ning eyes.
But to great Nature to hold up the glass,
To shew her, from herself, what is and was,
To reason deeply (as the fates decree),
' Whether 'tis best to be, or not to be,'
This, wond'rous Shakspere! was reserv'd for thee.
Thou, in thy skill extensive, hast reveal'd,
What from the wisest mortals seem'd conceal'd;
The human heart thro' every wile to trace,
And pluck the vizard from the treach'rous face,

Make the vile wretch disclaim his dark designs,
And own conviction from thy nervous lines;
In martial breasts new vigour to incite,
And urge the ling'ring warrior on to fight.
Ask, by what magic are these wonders wrought?
Know, 'tis by matchless words from matchless thought;
A ray celestial, kindled in the soul,
With sentiments unerring, fill'd the whole;
Hence his expression with just ardour glow'd,
While nature on him all her stores bestow'd.

'Hail! Avon's Stratford! envied be thy name!
What city boasts, than thee, a greater fame?
'Twas here his infant lays great Shakspere sung,
Here his last accents falter'd on his tongue.
His honours yet with future times shall grow,
Like streams enlarging, as they onward flow.'

"Do you think it an elegant composition, Madam?" said Miss Denzel.

"Undoubtedly, my dear; and when we consider that it must have been written at the impulse of the moment, I may add, that I esteem it a very wonderful one. Mr. Green wrote other poems, I am told, but I was never fortunate enough to meet with them. Few prologues of the pre-

sent day have the merit this has. Indeed 'folly spreads a weedy waste o'er the soil' whence those compositions generally spring; the vapid nonsense rises like a fog, to die amid its own encumbering shade.

"We are again on the subject of poetry; and I recollect a promise I made to Miss Maria, when she so judiciously quoted Gray. I will now give you the imitative or casual similarity to the then given quotation. Waller must precede:

> 'Go lovely rose——
> ——hadst thou sprung
> In deserts where no men abide,
> Thou must have uncommended died.'

"Pope has somewhere this line,

> 'Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.'

"Thomson follows:

> 'And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
> And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
> Where the sun smiles, and seasons teem in vain,
> Unseen, and unenjoy'd.'

" We now come to Gray:

'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

" Young says,

'And waste their music on the savage race.'

"Churchill, too, has a similar thought; but I cannot charge my memory at this moment with the words.

" Hamilton, in his beautiful song, entitled 'The Flower of Yarrow,' has given peculiar energy and elegance to the same idea:

EXTRACT.

'Go, lovely flower! thou sweetest flower
That ever smil'd in Yarrow bower;
Go! daughter of the dewy morning,
With Anna's blush the fields adorning;
Go! lovely rose, what dost thou here?
Ling'ring away thy short-liv'd year,
Vainly shining, idly blooming,
Thy unenjoyed sweets consuming.

Vain is thy radiant Garlies hue,
No hand to pluck, no eye to view.
What are thy charms, no heart desiring?
What are thy beauties, none admiring?"

"There are a variety of curious circumstances detailed in Scotland respecting the writer of the above lines, and there is a very celebrated play *, which many do not scruple to affirm was written by him; but falling into the hands of the gentleman who is the present reputed author of it, that gentleman appropriated it to himself.

"The original MS. of the play I allude to, was undoubtedly entitled Barnard, for under that title it was first presented to the then managers; and, as several detached speeches and sentiments, with the designation Lady Barnard on them, are printed among Hamilton's Poems (my book is mislaid, it was the Edinburgh edition), a very presumptive inference may be drawn that these

* Douglas.

loose pieces were the rejections of the real author, on his more matured consideration or judgment. I should be sorry to suggest any thing that might take from the merit of any one; I only state the fact.

"I will now give you a quotation from the celebrated Mrs. Catharine Phillips, and also one from Mr. Pope; and, if you do not acknowledge a similarity, you will be able to perceive the justness of both:

'We see in beauty certain airs are found,
Which no one grace can make, but all compound;
Honour's to the mind what beauty's to the sense,
The fair result of mixed excellence.'

CATHARINE PHILLIPS.

'In wit, or nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the just force and full effect of all.'

POPE.

"Mrs. Phillips was born on the first of January 1631, and died on the 22d of

June 1664. I mention this to make a further remark on this very celebrated lady, better known under the title of the matchless Orinda. Mrs. C. Phillips translated the tragedies of Pompey and Horace from the French of Corneille, and wrote a large volume of poems, and many letters, formerly much valued; we now wonder why!

"Dryden was born August the 9th, 1631, only seven months afterwards; but his first play in verse was not made public until the year she died. The praise Catharine, Phillips received during her life, was as disproportionate to her merits, as the entire neglect of her, since her death, has been unworthy of them.

"After what I have said, it may be perhaps needful to inform you, I am far from deeming all similitude plagiarism; similar ideas will produce similar expressions; for varied and comprehensive as language is, there are certain words who[illegible] unsuited to the sensitiveness of the e[illegible] or the delicacy of the subject on which

we may be speaking or writing; consequently those that are appropriate will meet with estimation, from a correct taste or a refined understanding.

"Our minds naturally assimilate with the ideas or opinions of those we love; and, after we have adopted those ideas and opinions, we cannot marshal the sense anew; much less submit to those who say, 'You shall not think as you do; you shall think as I do:' and, were this possible, it would assuredly be very dangerous; for, says the moralist, 'Bad precepts are much more to be dreaded as examples than bad actions, since bad precepts corrupt even the understanding, and leave us no opportunity of returning to virtue.'

"When I named Mrs. Phillips with Dryden, it was not that I put her in competition with him, but to signify that rhyming plays were written by one of the greatest geniuses England ever produced, subsequent to that lady's tragedies of Pompey and Horace.

"Were I disposed, it were not possible for me to add a flower to the wreath thrown over the tomb of Dryden. Congreve, in his eulogium on him, has exceeded whatever he has done beside; with the exception, perhaps, of one description in his play of the Mourning Bride, on which Dr. Johnson remarks: and his life of Dryden contains sentences so truly admirable, that I peruse them each time with renovated pleasure; proving the justness of his own affirmation.

"I will repeat the passage to which I allude, and then bid you good night; for it is very late.

"Indulge us a little longer, dear Madam,' said the Etonian; "my time with you is now but short."

"True, Sir; but I hope your pursuits at Eton will not render you quite forgetful of us: and I entreat that, from time to time, we may be favoured with a letter, and every object that strikes you as pleasing, or intelligent, cannot fail to be acceptable, and highly interesting to us."

"Your good opinion of my taste and li-

terary powers is very flattering, Madam, and I shall endeavour to oblige you. The united efforts of my sisters must produce much that may be valuable to me; and I shall expect they will answer me when I write, and comment on all I say, with the freedom that is without fear."

"They shall certainly comply with your request, and that without fear, as you say; and yet more, with very little reserve; but we will rarely, if ever, descend to compliment, as we then may be led to forsake the research for truth which must ever be the chief object of our pursuit."

"How admirable, dear Madam!" said the youthful commentator, "is the speech of Telemachus to Narbal, when the sage, to try his principles, advises him to be guilty of a falsehood. I will read it, with your leave, Madam."

"All that conduces either to commend or illustrate truth, must be acceptable to me, Sir."

The Etonian read—

"'I am not afraid, my dear Narbal, of that; and I am under too great obliga-

tions to you to suffer you to endanger your life on my account. I cannot prevail on myself to tell a lie. I neither am a Cyprian, nor will I affirm that I am. The gods are witnesses of my sincerity; they, if they will, can preserve my life; but I am determined not to save it by a lie." Narbal urging him yet farther, he replied—

" 'Falsehood is unworthy of a man who speaks in the presence of the gods, and who ought to sacrifice every consideration to virtue. He who deviates from truth offends the gods, and does outrage to himself by speaking against his own conscience. Forbear, Narbal, to propose to me what is unworthy both of you and me. If the gods have pity on us, they can easily deliver us: if it be their will that we should perish, we shall then fall the victims of truth, and leave to mankind an example to convince them, that we considered an unblemished virtue preferable to long life.' Such is my quotation, Madam; but, pray, do not

let it deprive us of yours from Dr. Johnson."

"Your selection of this sentence merits my warmest approbation, Sir; you will do well sedulously to cultivate your understanding: your sentiments will not admit of improvement; since, in attaining a strict love and admiration of truth, you possess the highest degree of human virtue.

"I will give you the quotation which I said was calculated to prove the justice of what is affirmed, and then take leave; it is indeed unusually late.

"'Works of imagination,' says Dr. Johnson, in his life of Dryden, "excel by their allurements, and delight by their power of attracting, and detaining the attention. He only is the master who keeps the mind in pleasing captivity; whose pages are perused with eagerness, and in hope of new pleasure are perused again; and whose conclusion is perceived with an eye of sorrow, such as the traveller casts on departing day.'"

EVENING THE THIRTY-SECOND.

"The tale which I am now about to present you, is founded on one, which you may find in the Edinburgh Miscellany 1796. It is, however, very materially altered. That story contained somewhat of a necromantic nature; and, as my reason prompts me to disbelieve all necromancy, I have totally exploded it here. I have also taken the liberty to amplify and embellish according to my own fancy, merely for your entertainment.

AMORIN AND EDOMIA,

A TALE.

"While India was yet an immeasureable forest, and her diamonds lay hidden in the mine, then unexplored by European avarice, a tribe of natives had fixed their residence on a part of the coast where the high trees admitted the breezes to disport with the rays of the summer sun. Of this tribe, Amorin was sovereign.

"Beyond a ridge of mountains, extending to the south, resided another tribe, with which Amorin and his people were at war.

"Amorin was the darling of his subjects, and beloved by all who knew him. His humanity was unbounded, his knowledge uncommon, his penetration piercing as the sun-beam, his skill and activity were such as to astonish the most skilful and active; his arrows were often known to soar, even until, like the sky-lark, they

seemed to approach the heavens; aspiring above the bosom of that cloudless sky, they seemed to aim, like the soul of the sovereign, toward the immortal sphere—his speed surpassed the rapidity of the rein-deer; and the proportions of his person were exact, and graceful as the growth of the cedar: his countenance was at once mild and commanding; his manners were as soothing and tranquil as the morning, and his charity was as warm as the noon day. He governed his people with gentleness, and impartial justice was the lot of all. He invented for their use, upon new plans of his own construction, instruments for husbandry, and for defence in war: he moreover suggested sports unseen and unheard of before for the entertainment and exercise of peace. With the bark of the fir and the rind of the forest trees, he formed a lighter shield, and contrived to fix a flint with such dexterity in the sling, as enabled it to kill at the farthest mark. No one ever presumed to ques-

tion either his judgment or his clemency; sustained by the most dignified manners, he ever appeared to be exalted above the level of mankind: a noble consciousness of right dignified his every action; torture or oppression were unknown in his dominions, and he lived the idol of his kind.

"The religion of the Amorins consisted in a profound homage to some incomprehensible Being, who they conceived inhabited the sun, which they deemed the centre of his works, whence he dispensed his never-ceasing bounty to the world.

"They gave to this incomprehensible Being one minister only, whom they called the spirit or angel of truth. A deviation from which, if tending to the injury of a friend or neighbour, they considered as meriting death; so sacred was that sense of moral rectitude among them which links man to his fellow. Superior virtue and superior acquirements demanded and ever obtained a reward from

the sovereign, who watched over his people as their guardian, protector, and friend.

"Amorin was enamoured of solitude: his mind, though neither polished by science, nor enlightened by experience, enjoyed a natural refinement, and a superiority to those around him, that became evident upon all occasions, particularly where taste or judgment required decision.

"Amorin would sometimes delight to sequester himself in the deepest retirement, and appear sedulously desirous to explore the hidden secrets of nature. At length it was observed that he became pensive, and, after a while, that his former cheerfulness had entirely forsaken him. Those eyes which were wont to be the sparkling intelligencers of the felicity of his soul, were now clouded with melancholy. His youthful and polished brow prematurely contracted into gloomy wrinkles; his habit evinced unusual disorder; and he neglected the pleasures of the bow,

and the pursuits of the chase. He did not love solitude less than before; but alas! she was bereaved of her charms. Often would he cast his eyes around him in the moment of despondency, and wonder why he was unquiet: and, sometimes rebuking his own discontent, he would exclaim, ' O Amorin! at what dost thou repine? Art thou not the sovereign of ten thousand subjects, ten thousand men! all of whom obey and love thee; all of whom are loaded with arrows, and ever solicitous to preserve thy life? Hast thou not a command of pleasures, even to a multiplicity and variety that puzzl and perplexe thy choice? Dost thou not see even the savage beast in thy woods enjoying content? basking in the sun, or stretched in the shade, revelling on the abundant productions of all-bounteous nature? And dost thou sigh amidst her utmost profusion of blessings, to which thou hast superadded the elegancies and luxuries of art? Alas! I am certainly weary of myself; solitude

alone has occasioned my depression: I will seek instant relief in society."

"Among those whom Amorin honoured with particular tokens of his regard, was Zamor, an Indian sage. Zamor was a philosopher of nature, and had acquired his knowledge by an unaided application to her laws. He was one, whom the subjects of Amorin universally regarded as a man, whom the Power presiding over the universe spared in pity to themselves. His maxims were considered as sacred; to deviate from them, was to plunder truth of her treasures, and consequently every sentence that proceeded from his lips was held in the highest veneration.

"At the death of the venerable Amorjah, the father of Amorin, Zamor had taken charge of the prince's education: such as at that period could be given, was communicated without reserve, and with all the tenderness of paternal indulgence. Amorin, therefore, felt toward him much

of the reverence and duty of a child towards its parent; and Zamor united the love of a father with the loyalty of a subject, and had few enjoyments so great as those of knowing his sovereign was virtuous and happy.

"Amorin entered the habitation of Zamor; his expanded hand pressed heavily his surcharged heart. 'Zamor,' said the prince, 'I ask thy help,—I am most miserable, but know not why; the verdure of the spring, and the glow of the summer, where seasons vary, if such haunts there be, would be nought to Amorin,—life has lost its allurements; I no longer delight to cut the stream with my rapid canoe, to place the plume of victory on my brow, or with my dart pursue the chase. I am wretched—all is tasteless—I am sick with solitude, yet still I find no pleasure in society. Something is surely wanting that may give me felicity. To thee I have flown; O, Zamor! to escape from myself—alleviate

my misery, or life is a load which I must resign.'

"The hoary sage regarded Amorin with a penetrating glance; he saw the inquietude of his labouring breast; he saw the clouded eye still bent on vacancy, and indicative of anguish only known to the virtuous. Zamor instantly answered him without servility, in the language of simplicity and truth.

"'Be the anguish of my Sovereign dissipated, and the burthen of sorrow removed from his bosom; for if the voice of his ever faithful Zamor is regarded, and his instructions implicitly followed, Amorin shall soon be happy.

"'Thou complainest, my son, that the novelty of life is over; and that from the variety of nature thou canst no longer experience pleasure or find repose; to what cause then can we ascribe thy inquietude, but to that which even amidst the bowers of paradise would cause sadness and anxiety? To the want of an elegant and

virtuous companion. Thou art discontented, Amorin, not because the excellencies that heretofore engaged thee are in themselves less excellent; but because thou hast no partner with whom thou mayest share the pleasures they bestow. There is rarely any selfishness in the social temper.

" 'In the generous benevolence of thy youth, thou lookest around thee, and comprehending, in one view, the grandeur and beauty of the world, art unhappy that thou canst not communicate thy ideas and sentiments of wisdom and tenderness to an object whom thy merits have won to love thee, and whom thy judgment approves as worthy of being beloved.

" 'Thou perceivest that few in thy train are calculated for the honour of thy confidence, and still fewer for thy affection or friendship.

" 'Of those whom thou rulest in the gentleness of thy dominion, many are the sport of playful idleness or active folly; more

are the slaves of empty parade and insignificant ambition; some are swelling with spleen at the largeness of a rival's plume, and others are contending in the bitterness of rancour about the skin of a tyger.

"'To such thou canst not unbosom the secrets of thine heart; they are not equal to the dignity of the trust, and thou art therefore compelled to seal up thy reflections and thy knowledge; it were to utter them in the air to lavish them on the ignorant. Thy mind, my son, is suited to the sweetness of virtuous meditation; and nature has abundantly endowed thee with power to discern the beauties of her works; but when thy application and ardent curiosity have obtained thee instruction, thou wantest one to whom thou mightest impart the result of thy research, and the pleasure thou hast experienced in thy inquiry. Knowledge is useless unless it be diffused; but to circulate it among those who have neither capacity nor idea would be a wildness equal to the attempt of encircling the world

with a wreath, or mounting by a ladder to the sun.

"'Cast thine eyes aloof, and behold, on yonder fir-tree, how the turtle sits sorrowing among the branches; lo! she disregards every object around her; and is visibly overwhelmed in the anguish of despondency. Her feathery partner has awhile forsaken her; and in the meridian of life and day, she pines. Even the sun is to her an orb of darkness.

"'Thine, my sovereign, is at present the condition of that turtle; and a tender object, one agreeable to the dignity of thy nature, is equally necessary to restore thy tranquillity. Again fix thine eyes on the fir-tree, and tell me what thou seest.'

"'I see, (said Amorin) that the happiness of the dove is restored; her fugitive mate has returned. Lo! Zamor, how their wings flutter in mutual rapture! the one seems tenderly to chide, and the other seems anxious to excuse; and hark! she pours forth the soft aspirations of her gra-

titude to find he is returned in safety! Henceforth, my friend, I will not suffer a turtle dove to be destroyed in my dominions.'

"'I admire the softness of thy sensibility more than the simplicity of thy expression. Let Amorin be taught by that which he has witnessed a remedy for his distress.'

"'Zamor!' answered the Prince, hastily, while his face became encrimsoned with deeper blushes, 'my heart is lightened; and I now feel the cause of my disorder. Surely I was insensible not to discover it before; the purity of love, I see, is necessary even to the happiness of a king.'

"'It is; and to every human soul. But, my son, let me charge you to distinguish between the intemperance of sense and the ardour of a chaste and elegant passion.

"'No, Amorin! it is only in the power of one to render thee happy, at least to

afford that felicity which thou wilt find permanent as pure. Go, then, my gracious lord, consider this, and be happy. Let thine eyes rove among the servants whom thou commandest, and thy reason will soon exalt one to thy bosom to whom nature has been lavish, and on whose heart virtue has set her seal to guard the sacred treasure. An honourable attachment will restore to every object its accustomed charm; again thou wilt receive consolation from its wonted source. The blossom will seem to wear a livelier bloom, and the sky a brighter blue; such are the effects of a pure and generous passion upon the mind that is satiated with solitude, and suited for society.'

"The features of the prince now became more animated, and his air had more vivacity; he turned suddenly, and embracing the sage, he promised he would henceforth indulge his eyes on such objects as were most likely to engage his heart.

"He who looks to love, and love with honour, will soon find an object worthy his regard. It was not long ere Amorin became enamoured with one to whom nature had been lavish; and on whose heart virtue had set her seal to guard the sacred treasure.

"Amorin, attended by his courtiers, roused an enormous elk from a grove of spice-trees, which almost immediately took toward the mountains that were the preliminary boundaries of his sovereignty. His courser was of a superior order; and he pressed onward with vehemence, outstripping the speed of his companions; fearful lest the elk should elude him by taking shelter in the territories of Crolah.

"The savage was just bounding up the brow of the hill, when the prince discharged an arrow, but without success, and his game in the next instant reached the summit, and sprang out of sight.

"Amorin was just about to turn and seek the covert of his woods, when his ear was suddenly startled with a shriek that

intimated distress. The mere spirit of sport could not, for a moment, urge him to infringe on the territories of another; but humanity was a more sacred call than that prescribed by the rigid rules of honour. The prince sprang forward, and amidst the intertwisted branches of a thicket, perceived a female prostrate on the ground, under the uplifted paw of a lion; on the moment he drew his arrow to the head, and levelling his eye to the mark, lodged the barb in the monster's heart, and throwing himself from his steed, to complete his conquest, he ran forward to the spot, striking his poignard to the hilt in the lion's chest, and holding it there infixed till the writhing animal expired. He then turned to observe what his skill and intrepidity had protected, and beheld a lady of very uncommon elegance of form, and almost irresistible beauty. Trembling from the horror she had just experienced, and regarding her princely deliverer with a look of respect, timidity, and gratitude, she was about to

throw herself at his feet, but Amorin caught her from the ground; and perceiving her confusion, and observing her spirit to struggle between the extremities of fear and joy, he endeavoured to dissipate her apprehensions by the most tender assurances; and, perceiving that the savage had rent and disordered her mantle, he instantly covered her with his own, and entreated permission to attend her to her home.

"The princess, for such she was, gazed for a moment on Amorin, and clasping her hands, burst into tears. Amorin renewed his entreaties.—'Edomia has no home!' she exclaimed, still fixing her inquiring eyes with distrustful and anxious timidity on the countenance of Amorin.—'Alas! she has flown from the enraged reproaches of Crolah, and the hateful embraces of Mozamba; am I, alas! preserved to be restored to the power of that unnatural kinsman, and be by him compelled to wed the man I hate? Ah! no; let me again commit myself to the

uplifted paw of the lion! Wherefore, generous stranger, hast thou rescued the forlorn and wretched Edomia?'

"'Claimest thou the protection of the fortunate Amorin? May the power that inherits the regions of light, behold him the point of the foulest scorn when he forsakes thee! And more! the abject slave to his basest enemy when he dares to do thee wrong.' Thus saying, he bowed to the lady, and led her from the thicket whither his courser had followed him. With blushing hesitation she permitted him to place her upon the saddle; in an instant he mounted with her; and, giving the rein to the almost unparalleled steed, they were scarcely a moment longer in the dominions of Crolah.

"Amorin took a circuitous path, the more easily to avoid an encounter with his train; and, in a short time, they alighted at the door of his palace, which was formed by the hands of a hundred Indian artificers, in a taste perfectly rural and secluded.

" It was situated in a deep valley, where nature had strewn her beauties, and was profusely lavish of her bounties. The most enchanting odours breathed around it; the vivid and delightful foliage of the orange and cedar trees drew thither every sylvan musician; springs of the purest water issued from chrystalline sources; all the most aromatic and beautiful flowers of India were collected to adorn its borders, and their colours were awakened into more mellowed glow, by the breezes which, at morn and evening, were wafted from the main.

" Although the prince was very anxious to learn more of the beauteous stranger; his delicacy was unwilling to give her the pain of revealing it. He therefore repressed his curiosity, and solely applied himself to solace, and revive her. He spread a carpet of the softest skins, and set before her all the viands he possessed; but the dreadful scene she had encountered, and the so abrupt transition from fear to joy, soon overcame the de-

licacy of her frame, and left her no other desire than that of repose.

"Amorin, vigilant to serve and oblige, no sooner discovered her wishes, than he hastened to prepare an apartment for her rest. He soon formed a couch with the spoils of the kid, the ermine, and the fawn; and her pillow, the softest in the royal pavilion, was lined with the down from the breast of the cygnet; nor could the prince be persuaded to leave his charge, but enwrapping himself in a panther's skin, he determined to be the guardian of her slumbers.

"While Amorin sat watching her repose by the light of a taper, he indulged himself in looking more ardently upon her; and, heaving a sigh of softness as he gazed, thus whispered to himself: 'Oh! ever hallowed and adored power! thou who inhabitest the regions of immortal light, how happy am I in having preserved that divine form from violation! How superior, how very superior is the lovely Edomia to all the beauties of my

train! Blessed be the morning in which I last bent my bow; blessed be the elk that directed me toward the mountains; and blessed be the moment, in which I preserved her! And yet—why do I sigh? Alas! it is in vain that my soul essays a prayer: my heart repels my accents by its intoxicating tumults. Ah me! it is; it is in vain! Amorin! on what art thou meditating?—is it thus thou fulfillest thy sacred promise?

"'Beauteous Edomia! thy over-powering, thy enchanting——Amorin! avert thine eyes, or those charms thou art now contemplating will'——thus saying, he hastily seized and extinguished the taper, lest passion should subdue his reason, and urge his honour to yield to the captivation of his eyes. He watched by the side of his captive. He invoked the Angel of Truth; and, toward the dawn of day, was so overpowered by fatigue and anxiety, that his spirit yielded to a momentary and involuntary slumber:—when he dreamt—and lo! the angel he had been

invoking stood before him, and cried, in a loud voice, 'List! O, Amorin, and be happy!—I am the Angel of Truth, and guardian of innocence. Remember the instructions of Zamor!—the hour is at hand, when those instructions will avail thee: the virgin whom thou hast preserved from the paw of the lion is destined for thy wife. I am charged from above to give thee this ring: while the beauteous Edomia yet sleepeth, place it on her finger. Do as thou art commanded, nor longer sigh in solitude, or experience sorrow.'

"Amorin, starting from his slumber, arose, and flying toward the couch, on which the princess slept, hastily snatched a ring which he wore from his finger, scarcely sensible, so strong was the power of fancy, but he had received it with the irrevocable mandate of the Angel of Truth. It was now the dawn of day, and Amorin was devoutly fulfilling the order he had received, in his recent vision, when Edomia awoke; he

had just fixed the ruby on her finger, and was gently pressing her scarcely conscious hand. She started; raising herself, and bending gently forward, they gazed on each other, overwhelmed in sympathetic confusion, without the power of words, and, perhaps, without the wish to utter them; for, from their meeting eyes shot an expression more powerful than language could at that moment have uttered. Amorin, at length, poured forth the expressive ebullitions of rapture; and animated by the powers of honour, hope, and love, amidst a copious flood of the most overpowering eloquence, communicated the commands of the Angel of Truth.

"Edomia was easily disposed to credit what her heart so willingly accepted, and involuntarily pressing the ruby to her lips, exclaimed, 'Alas! Edomia is thy slave; how then may she become thy wife?'

"'New-found spirit of purity, beauty, and sweetness,' replied the prince, 'thou

art no captive, but the inestimable present of the Angel of Truth!'

"The rays of morning now pervaded the apartment. 'O! glorious beams of celestial light!' exclaimed Edomia, 'was it for this that I prematurely lost my ever to be honoured father? Rahala! look down on thy so long despairing daughter! Yes! ever good and gracious parent, thou hast beheld the affliction of thine Edomia; thou hast witnessed the persecutions of Crolah, to whose guardian hand thy paternal care bequeathed me, when thou gavest him, as a bribe for that care, thy kingdom.'

"'And do I behold the daughter of Rahala? And is thy father indeed no more? Amorin, on his bended knee, intreats the princess Edomia to pursue that narrative, of which anguish has impelled her to give him such an imperfect portion.'

"'My father,' continued the princess, 'lost his life from an arrow, when en-

gaged in the chase. He died in the arms of Crolah, to whom he bequeathed his dominions and his child. Crolah is great in war: his voice is terrible as the thunder, and he is cruel as the tiger of the forest; but, with the cunning of the crocodile, he had ingratiated himself into the affections of Rahala. For many succeeding moons, Crolah treated me with kindness and respect; but, in a fatal hour, (why said I fatal?) he received a visit from the chieftain Mozamba, who came attended by a troop of vassals, leading elephants, loaded with the richest skins and the most precious gums, as a present to Crolah. Crolah received the mighty Mozamba with courtesy and the utmost magnificence; and, preparing a sumptuous banquet, presented him to the trembling and devoted Edomia, as the prince he had chosen for her husband. In vain did Edomia remonstrate; in vain did Edomia petition! Crolah was deaf as the roaring of a cataract of the Nile; and this day was appointed for

the hated celebration of my marriage with the detested Mozamba: or, had I persisted in my refusal, I had perhaps been sacrificed to avert the terrific visits of the Boiguacu. Blessed be the moment, when the never to be enough adored power, who liveth in the sun, sent the royal Amorin to my rescue! O, Prince! Edomia is thy slave, dispose of her destiny!'

"Amorin prostrated himself before the princess, and laid his forehead in the dust. 'Thy will, Edomia!' said he, 'must decide the fate of Amorin. But whither was the princess wandering, so far from the haunts of men, when she encountered the lion?'

"'Alas!' replied she, 'I had determined to fly from the dominions of Crolah, and to claim the protection of the first chieftain I might meet in the territories of the royal Amorin; but, my courage failing when I reached the brow of the mountain, I retired to the thicket, to ponder on my fate. It is

now in the hands of my sovereign lord, who will deign to shield his slave from the vengeance of the enraged Crolah, and the persecutions of Mozamba.'

" 'Amorin will not only shield thee from the vengeance of Crolah, and the persecutions of Mozamba, but he will assert thy right to the dominions of thy father; and, when Edomia is established in her kingdom, she will perhaps deign to exalt the humblest of her slaves.'

" 'Oh! source of light and life!' exclaimed Edomia, still appealing to the sun; and do I wake so quickly from this dream of joy?' She cast her eyes on the prince, they spoke the tenderness of her wishes. 'Amorin then'—her voice faltered, and, at that moment entered Zamor.

" 'Amorin! my son!' said the sage, 'my prophecy is fulfilled. Thou hast found her to whom nature has been lavish, and on whose heart virtue has set her seal to guard the sacred treasure. Obey then the will of the Spirit of Truth

The merits of the princess have long been known to thy faithful Zamor; and could he have chosen a bride for his sovereign, he would have given him Edomia.' So saying, he joined the hands of the youthful pair; and Amorin and Edomia were long the idols of their people, and left to their numerous race a throne unstained with blood, and a code of laws dictated by justice, attempered by mercy, and upheld by truth."

"O! Madam!" exclaimed Miss Denzel, "that is such a delightful tale, we shall often peruse it."

"As often as you please, my dear; it inculcates a very useful lesson, never to repine at our fate; for, at the very moment we conceive ourselves to be most wretched, the Almighty may be ordering the chain of circuitous events to lead to our felicity."

"I think Amorin is more correct than Edomia," remarked the Etonian.

"Amorin has more in his power, Sir, and his moderation and virtue tender

examples worthy of imitation. The princess had no alternative; she was fixed on the very precipice of despair; but on the day on which she expected to be devoted to death, or to a fate nearly as dreadful, she is placed on a throne; and, what is far more estimable, she inspires an affection, and becomes the wife of the most amiable among mankind. Good night, my dear young friends; I shall solicit some entertainment of you to-morrow evening."

EVENING THE THIRTY-THIRD.

"I HOPE Miss Denzel has composed something to amuse us this evening. We will be easily pleased, my dear, if you endeavour to oblige us," said Mrs. Mordant.

"Give me your excuse, at this time, Madam. I fear I am very dull; but you are so kind and so indulgent, that I shall always be happy to exert myself for your pleasure: for I am and ever shall be grateful to my dear papa and you for the education I receive; and particularly for those parts of it that expand my mind, and enrich it with real knowledge; which, as you have frequently told me, ever leads to truth. I feel conscious of the information I have derived; and am therefore not abashed,

as I used to be, when I express myself; I hope I shall one day be able to write something worthy your commendation."

"Your sentiments are particularly gratifying to me, Miss Denzel, and the more so, as I am aware whence they originated. I have that pleasure in hearing you speak which always proceeds from reciprocity, and which cannot be experienced when there is a dissonance of opinion.

"Your wish to write something worthy of commendation is a very laudable one; and I have little or no doubt of your success.

"I am sorry to say, that recently the weeds have been in more estimation with the public than either the flowers or the fruit; nevertheless we will not be discouraged, since justice has been done to the female pen.

"England has produced many illustrious women, who have demonstrated abilities and industry in the research of knowledge and truth. Formerly such

examples were chiefly confined to ladies of very exalted rank. Henry the Eighth gave to the Princesses his daughters, an education superior to what most noblemen received at that period. Mary, whose bigotry and cruelty probably clouded her talents, did not evince either genius or judgment: but Elizabeth was a striking example of both.

"The unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots wrote poems, both in Latin and French, with great elegance and facility. Mrs. Weston, Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, Lady Jane Grey, although only seventeen at the time of her immolation, may be adduced as an illustrious instance. The four daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke stand eminently forward in this list. Mildred, the eldest, was the wife of William Cecil, Lord Burleigh. Anne, the second daughter, was the wife of Sir Nicholas Bacon: this lady was governess to King Edward the Sixth, although she was only twenty-five years of age when that monarch began his

reign. Anne Cooke, previous to this period, translated from the Italian the works of Barnardin Ochinus, a celebrated divine of that time. She finished it before she had attained her twentieth year; but her chief work is a translation of the eloquent Bishop Jewel's apology for the church of England. The bishop wrote in Latin, for the information of Europe: her ladyship (for she was now Lady Bacon), with a becoming zeal, translated it into her native tongue, for the benefit of the community of which she was a member.

"Francis, the great Lord Verulam, was a son worthy of such a mother. Nature, with cultivation, rarely degenerates from its parent source; but the stem of the thistle never produced a rose.

"Elizabeth, the third daughter, was first married to Mr. Hobby, and secondly to John Lord Russel. This lady was also greatly celebrated: she wrote, with

elegance and facility, Greek, Latin, and English.

"Catharine, the youngest, married Sir Henry Killigrew, and was famous for her knowledge in Hebrew, as well as Greek and Latin. For farther particulars respecting them, I refer you to Ballard, to whom the ladies have great obligation."

"We have no ladies that excel in the learned languages now, Madam," remarked the Etonian.

"Education, Sir, was formerly confined to a few, and those of the highest rank: since that period, there has been a liberal and general diffusion of knowledge; although Hebrew, Greek and Latin have been, for the most part, exploded. The very names of the ingenious women of the last and present century would fill a volume; and, where so many excel, it would be invidious to select any. Charlotte Smith is no more! her poetry will endure while her country has liberality and taste; she is faultless:

her sonnets have neither a vitiated thought, nor a redundant expression. But posterity will appreciate the talents and labours of all; and it cannot be disputed that much excellence has demonstrated itself. The pen, the crayon and the needle have vied with each other; for the works of Miss Linwood have not only been the astonishment of her own country, but the admiration of Europe. Her map of the world, that covers one side of a large room, at the Russian court, is, I am told, there esteemed above all price. It is, however, my own opinion that the figures, landscapes, &c. finished by this truly ingenious and laborious lady, are originally white; and, that she afterwards colours them in the same manner as the Gobelins of Paris used to colour their tapestries; which it is well known they did, to vie with the paintings of the greatest masters, whose works they have copied in this manufacture. Witness a whole length of Lewis the Fifteenth, which being placed, for many

days, amidst a gallery of masterly paintings, was taken by most of the spectators for an exquisite performance in that art.

"The family of the Gobelins, I must inform you, were the inventors of painted tapestries, and first practised it in 1450.

"It is not my wish or intention to detract from the merits of Miss Linwood, but to open a field for inquiry, and to distinguish the actual delineations of the needle from works presumed to belong to a superior art.

"Embroidery in flowers is certainly an amusing and truly feminine employment, and, when executed with neatness and precision, entitled to commendation; but a clumsy or inaccurate performance only provokes the languid smile of pity or contempt. Few have science or taste sufficient to delineate a flower, which is among the wonders of the Almighty's hand:

'From the dwarf daisy, which like infants clings,
And fears to leave the earth from whence it springs,

To the proud giant of the garden race,
Who, madly rushing to the sun's embrace,
O'ertops her fellows with aspiring aim,
Demands his wedded love, and bears his name,
All, one and all'—— CHURCHILL.

Are so infinitely complex in their structure, that they cannot be pourtrayed by common powers.

"The figures of all kinds, generally speaking, that we see stitched out on silk or satin, should be *honoured* with the emphatic motto—SO WE WASTED TIME!

"Works of use and those of ornament are materially distinct; and it is requisite for a woman, be her station in life what it may, to be acquainted with the former.

"Domestic felicity is happily confined to no peculiar rank; a duchess may frequently be found surrounded by her infant family; and the appendages that bespeak her pursuing such avocations as are repellant to the lassitude of idleness,

and conducive to comfort. She is here, apparelled with simplicity, a far more interesting and lovely object, than when crested with her coronet, and clothed in ermine.

"Idleness is the bane of happiness and nurse of folly; nay, frequently of vice; for, if the powers of the mind be not employed on what is laudable, like grains of corn sown in a too luxuriant soil, they will run wildly to waste, producing neither profit nor pleasure.

"Works that tire or try the eyes, are the very reverse of those, and ought as much as possible to be avoided. Samplers, point-work, lace, stitches, and all such kinds of futile and insignificant employments, are now fortunately getting into disuse. It would avail a young woman but little, to have an exhibition of this sort, if, when she wished to point out their supposed perfections, she was ever after subjected to the use of spectacles. Marking on fine linen is particularly injurious to the eyes; printing

ink fortunately precludes the necessity of such employment, and is, at the same time, more durable and elegant.

"The lively fancy and ingenuity of women constantly produce some novel and appropriate employment; while man prowls on the same beaten path, comparatively a solitary and joyless being. I now speak in general terms. Men of genius are a distinct race, and those who are devoid of it have, generally speaking, no laudable pursuit; they have nothing to do, nothing to wish for, and nothing to fear: and thence arises the *tædium vitæ*, the almost insupportable weight of life.

"What hours of listlessness and insipidity is that creature condemned to pass, who has neither genius nor industry. Lassitude, languor, weariness of self; in summer, complaining how long the days are; in winter, how long the evenings: the weather an unceasing theme, and still full of complaints. Miserable mortal! endowed with reason but to torment thy-

self! Couldst thou once learn to look through nature up to nature's God, and acquire but a portion of that perception which distinguishes the just and the beautiful, reflection would become a delightful employment; idea succeeding idea would start into being, and all the treasures of the memory rushing to the sense, would prompt thee to exult in the powers of reason, and to exert it in grateful praise to that Being who is the author of life and dispenser of immortality, through whom these thy transcendent blessings shall endure for ever.

"To descant continually on the works of taste and fancy, is to rob industry and usefulness of their due. Were the labours of the loom to cease, tinsel and fringes would soon be valueless. Let us then bestow a few minutes on what were the avocations of our grandmothers: I believe, for the most part, knitting and spinning. The first part is so well supplied by the genius of the artist who invented the stocking-loom, that its necessity is

nearly exploded: but there is no just cause to be assigned why the latter is not at this moment considered the domestic duty of all; for it is not only ingenious and rational, but assuredly the most useful of all avocations. To the credit, however, of the Scottish ladies, be it said, that those of the most exalted rank think it no degradation to spin what is there called a web for their own use.

"What a happiness it must be to have lands of our own, on which we might plant hemp in abundance, and instruct all the young folks in the village in the art of dressing and spinning, and the older ones in that of weaving it. And could a human being be employed more usefully, or indeed more rationally?

"A lady once questioned me, if I could tell what linen cloth was made of? Had this young woman witnessed the sowing of the seed; watched the infant fibre of the plant starting from its parent earth; observed it as it grew to maturity; and assisted to divest it of its useful co-

vering; she would not have exposed her ignorance by so puerile a question.

"Those who have visited manufactories from a desire of information, have been frequently delighted with the knowledge they have acquired: and when it is considered that the finer and softer the hand, the more capable it is of drawing those delicate threads of which the finest cloth is made, or those from which that elegant texture cambric is composed; and that a single ounce of fine linen yarn or flax may, by the art of an accomplished spinner, be extended to the wonderful length of thirteen or fourteen thousand yards; we must, on reflection, esteem her art no vulgar one, which can so improve one of the common gifts of nature.

"This delicate thread requires so light a loom, or I am much misinformed, that any lady might throw the shuttle without even the exertion that is requisite in the sewing of common household cloth.

"Hundreds of women obtain a living in Spitalfields, and in the town of Manchester,

by the spinning of sarsnets, persians, &c. and the more soft and delicate the hand of the workwoman is, the more capable she is of her art.

"Andromache, the wife of Hector, a princess born, is, according to Homer, frequently engaged at the loom; as, indeed, are all the princesses in the Iliad. Spinning was, as I think, first thrown aside in England during the reign of King Charles the Second, when knitting of fringes seems to have been the only avocation of queens, princesses, and other ladies. I think a saucy poet, in the subsequent reign, wrote the following lines as a satire on the unsuccessful campaign of the king, and the frivolous employment of the queen:

'The mighty conquests of his arms
Her fringes might surround.'

"I read these lines in the works of Sedley, I think; if they are not his, they belong to one of his contemporaries,

'The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.

"In Morocco the women not only spin all their yarn, but weave all the cloth; and that in looms so small, that they work them, says Monsieur de Brissot, sitting on the ground. And I once saw a piece of corded cloth or dimity, which I was informed was purchased in the Levant, measuring fifty or sixty yards, perhaps more, for I did not take its length, which was only three nails in width, with a selvage so close, and superior to that of wider cloths, that there was not a single fracture throughout; so that, when it was joined neatly, it composed another cloth or stripe, corresponding with the figure of the fabric. This, I presume, must be wrought in the way Monsieur de Brissot speaks of, and perfectly accords with the idea of a portable loom. De Brissot has little on this subject; I, however, selected this from the history of his captivity.

"I am now drawing to the conclusion; as I have only to add, that the incitement to and encouragement of such manufactories as are suitable for the employment of wo-

men, must be laudable; for it is a lamentable fact, and almost too poignant to be reflected on, that many young girls have been led to dissolute practices for want of a proper and ready employment, that would enable them to exist by their labour.

"It is not incongruous, at this time, to inform you that Matilda, the wife of William, duke of Normandy, afterwards William the Conqueror of England, executed a work after the manner described by Homer. The princess commences her history with the embassy of Harold to the Norman Court, A. D. 1065, and ends with that monarch's death, at the battle of Hastings, 1066. This web is said to be only nineteen or twenty inches in breadth, but measures in length upwards of sixty-seven yards. This history of the memorable exploits of William is still exhibited to strangers in the cathedral at Bayeaux."

"I thank you, Madam," said Miss Maria; "but indeed I had been flatter-

ing myself with the hope of an entertaining story.

"I advise you, my dear child, to discontinue that wish you ever seem to indulge for the marvellous; it will render you liable to imposition, and is never a proof of either a refined taste or a cultivated understanding. My little Sarah has most cause to be dissatisfied, since the conversations we have indulged in have been, for the most part, rather above her comprehension; I will therefore give her a charade."

"Thank you, Madam, we all of us admire them exceedingly."

"The celebrity of those things, my dear, evinces the triumph of frivolity over common sense. All that can be said in their commendation is, they while away an hour, and prevent total idleness.

CHARADE.

"My first and second all approve,
When seated at the board they love;
But when they come to part,
My whole combin'd, they say, and sigh,
While the big tear o'erflows the eye,
That speaks the melting heart.

"In the early part of the evening, Madam, I had forgotten to state a conversation I had with my father this morning," said the Etonian, "respecting the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal, which he informed me he thought one of the wonders of England; and that, at Barton Bridge, it is elevated into the air as high as the tops of trees. It is also carried over the large river Irwell, by a bridge, which contains upon it the canal of water, with the barges in it. These barges are drawn by horses, which walk upon the battlements. It is a wonderful piece of mechanism. The water that supplies it is raised through wooden cylinders, and falls into large basons, and thence into

smaller ones, carrying riches and plenty to all the neighbouring country."

"Your statement is perfectly correct, Sir," replied Mrs. Mordant, "and we have nothing of that kind equal to it in England. But the Grand Canal of Languedoc, which is more than a hundred miles from the ocean, and on which sixteen thousand men worked without intermission for seventeen years, may be said to be one of the wonders of Europe. This canal opens a communication between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean, by the river Garonne and the Canal of Orleans. It is one hundred and twenty-two thousand four hundred and forty-six fathoms in length; and will bear vessels of a hundred tons burthen."

"Wonderful! by whom was it designed, Madam?"

"By a Frenchman, Sir, Monsieur Bonrepos, whom it has immortalized. This gentleman, like a true patriot, was willing to take the whole charge of it upon himself; but he was greatly sup-

ported by Colbert, first minister to Lewis the Fourteenth, with the approbation and munificent support of that monarch; and it is the only action of his reign that a truly good prince ought to imitate.

"Monsieur de Bonrepos died in the year 1680, and his glorious work was first navigated on the 15th of March 1681."

'O dear! then he did not live to see it completed," observed Miss Maria.

"He did, my dear, for, although it was not opened until 1681, it was completely finished before Bonrepos's death.

"Surely," said the Etonian, "it requires a very acute genius to project and execute things of this nature."

"Certainly, Sir; a perfect knowledge of geometry I conceive to be the chief requisite.

"An ingenious French writer has calculated the immense saving to the nation by the means of this canal. For every single boat, loaded with two hundred thousand pounds weight, this gentleman

estimates as saving the labours of two hundred men and six hundred horses; for that a waggon in France, with six horses and two drivers, can only carry between two and three thousand weight. On this he calculates the expense of those sixty thousand horses, which devour abundance of corn and provender; and which require one hundred thousand men to keep the roads in repair. He besides says, that a single horse will consume the crop of ten or twelve acres; and then, calculating the whole, he estimates the canal as the saving of a mine of wealth to the French nation."

"Do you recollect the name of this ingenious calculator, Madam?" questioned young Mr. Denzel.

"Monsieur de la Lande, Sir, I think, but perhaps I am not correct in that particular: I tell you, very frequently, I speak from recollection. When you make the tour, Sir, you will perhaps visit the canal of Languedoc. Many persons from the continent have visited our coal-

mines, near Whitehaven, to see what we scarcely consider as curious."

"What is particular in them, Madam?"

"Their excessive depth, Sir; some of them are dug a hundred and forty or fifty fathoms under the sea.

"Under the sea!" exclaimed th youthful party—"a hundred and forty or fifty fathoms under the sea! How much is a fathom, pray, Madam?"

"A fathom is six feet; and when we consider that, notwithstanding this immense depth, the sea above has sufficient water for ships of large burden, how can-we enough admire the ingenuity of mankind, or their persevering and ever praiseworthy industry?"

"Pray, Madam, did ever any miners in other parts of the world penetrate to so great a depth?"

"I never heard that they did, but here my information may be wanting; it is probable they may have done so, where lan[illegible] above them. To mine in a mounta[illegible] my idea, very different

from digging under the level of the ocean."

"I should like to know who first encouraged this work," said Edmund Denzel.

"Sir John Lowther, Sir, who did all in his power besides to invite and incite persons of talent and industry to settle there; he may indeed be termed the founder of the town, as that gentleman, and his son, Sir James, in the space of half a century, expended on it half a million sterling.

"Lately, I am happy to tell you, there has been effected a complete ventilation of pure air; and persons so inclined may walk into the pit from the surface. There is also a machine invented by an ingenious artist, under the patronage of Lord Viscount Lowther, which possesses the power of forty-two horses.

"The immense utility, and the excessive emolument resulting from these mines, I will adduce, by telling you the exact quantity of coals sent from them, from the first to the [illegible] of January (the very [illegible]) 1808,

which were conveyed hence to the shipping, in two thousand one hundred and ninety-six Whitehaven waggons. The weight of the whole, on computation, would be one million fifty-five thousand four hundred and ninety-six hundred weight."

"It is really astonishing, Madam: I should not have believed it, had I derived my information from a source I less respected. And believe me, I shall regret the loss I sustain, when I forego the pleasure of your conversation, which has given me a taste I never thought I could imbibe—a taste for that interchange of thought and sentiments which, at the same time that it enriches the mind, gives it the greatest pleasure."

"I am supremely happy, Sir, to find your ideas so consonant with my own. After the exercises which the health of the body requires, which, in themselves, [illegible] tendency to actuate and [illegible] the most eligible [illegible] being seems to

be that interchange of thought which is practised in free and easy conversation, 'where suspicion is entirely banished by experience, and emulation by benevolence; where every one speaks with no other restraint than the unwillingness to offend, and hears with no other disposition than the desire to be pleased.' My last phrase is a quotation from Doctor Johnson.

"Next to the pleasure resulting from conversation is that we receive from books.

"Our great moralist, in the little sentence I have quoted, has drawn a most admirable picture of the pleasure resulting from a well-assorted society; and no genius, however refined or abstracted, can be totally indifferent to its charms. The idea of emulation being banished by benevolence, is one of those that lifts our frail nature almost above humanity.

"Complacent, and [illegible] sent from [illegible], must that creature [illegible] the [illegible] of the endowme[illegible]ry [illegible] 1808,

sures of fortune, lay ... doubtless ... companion, without even wishing to acquire, by laudable means, a portion of those things which custom or necessity renders of such estimable ... value.

Emulation has no affiance with en... y, which is the most corrupt and ab... ominable of all the passions—a worm ... at preys on the heart, engendering ma... ce, falsehood, and slander; as the sweet... t and most beauteous fruit, and the fair... st and most fragrant flower, is the prey of the wasp and the ear-wig. I do not speak to instruct the experienced, but to warn the youthful.

" Perfection is not our nature; but let us approach it as nearly as possible; and when we see our neighbour or companion rise superior to us, in any real or imaginary good, and feel the sigh of reflection ... ng in our bosoms, which perhaps it is ... power utterly to repel, let us ... at means our fel- ... ity over us: if ... be grateful